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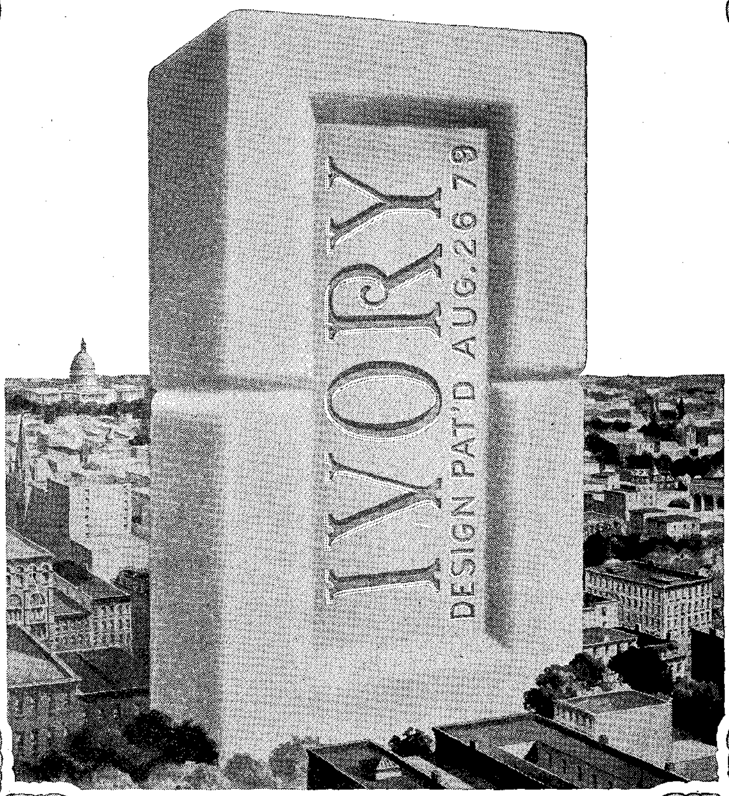

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The Outlook

JANUARY 22, 1910

LYMAN ABBOTT, Editor-in-Chief. HAMILTON W. MABIE, Associate Editor
THEODORE ROOSEVELT
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CONSERVATION: THE PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE

Events in Washington are rapidly making the Conservation question one of acute interest. When men begin to discuss a political or social policy in the village post-office and in the smoking-room of the city club, as they are now doing, there is afforded a very good barometric reading of the pressure of public interest. There is still, however, ample room for education and information on the subject. The voters who are either indifferent to, ignorant of, or perversely opposed to the conservation of National resources as a policy are very much larger in number than the active supporters of the policy. We do not, therefore, wholly agree with the statement of the President in his special Message that the main problem to-day "is how to save and how to utilize, how to conserve and still develop; for no sane person can contend that it is for the common good that natural blessings are only for unborn generations." We know of no leader of the Conservation movement who has not advocated and does not advocate, as the President does, the proper present use of our resources. Nevertheless a vast amount of work is still to be done by the officers of the Government and by the public press to create a strong public opinion in favor of saving; those in favor of utilization at present are very well able to take care of themselves. At the same time, with the President's general recommendations for legislation we are in hearty agreement. He says that in the past the "title to millions of acres of public lands was fraudulently obtained, and that the right to recover a large part of such lands for the Government has long since ceased by reason of statutes of limitation." To prevent a repetition of this history he advises legislation which shall give the Government the ownership of water power sites and of the natural "treasure of coal, oil, asphaltum, natural gas, and phosphate," and which shall permit private capital to operate and mine on lease or royalty under terms that shall furnish sufficient incentive. The President rightly says that among our natural resources the feature that transcends all others is the soil of the country. This resource can be preserved and developed by the chemical and educational work of the Department of Agriculture, and especially by irrigation projects under the Reclamation Service. He recommends the sale of bonds to carry on and enlarge the work of irrigation. The Forest Service exercises a very important influence upon the preservation of the soil, both by saving it from being washed away in floods from deforested mountain-sides and in storing up water through the agency of tree roots and deep forest soil for use in irrigation. The Message is one of practical suggestion rather than of appeal to the public conscience or popular interest. We wish the President might have thought it desirable to express his own views a little more definitely concerning the coming Congressional investigation of the Interior Department and the Forest Service. To this investigation he only incidentally refers in his Message, although it must, we think, have a very important effect upon the future legislative and executive attitude of the Government towards conservation.

THE NEW FORESTER

In choosing a successor to Mr. Pinchot the President has made an excellent appointment. The successor is Mr. Henry S. Graves, at present Director of the Yale Forestry School, and the second American to enter the profession of forestry with the purpose of devoting his attention exclusively to that subject and to nothing else. Mr. Pinchot was the first. Mr. Pinchot was also the first United States Forester; it seems appropriate that Mr. Graves should be the second. Mr. Graves is an Ohio man by birth, and was educated at Andover, Massachusetts, where for many years his father was a member of the faculty of Phillips Academy. Young Graves prepared for college at this academy, entered Yale in the class of 1892, and there he distinguished himself both in athletics and in scholarship. After a course of graduate study at Harvard Mr. Graves joined Mr. Pinchot at Biltmore, North Carolina, where, on Mr. George W. Vanderbilt's great estate, the first application of scientific forestry to American conditions was being made. After his work at Biltmore Mr. Graves went abroad to gain technical training in professional schools of forestry, as at that time no technical instruction could be had in this country. In 1898 Mr. Pinchot became United States Forester, and Mr. Graves his first assistant. Two years later Mr. Graves left the forest service to become the head of the Yale Forestry School, where his record has been efficient and brilliant. Mr. Pinchot says of his successor: "Mr. Graves is one of the best men I ever knew. He is a thoroughly capable forester. He is in touch with the whole field and is in complete sympathy with what I am trying to do." President Hadley, of Yale, in response to The Outlook's request for his judgment of Mr. Graves's qualifications for the post of Forester, writes: "Mr. Graves is unusually well fitted for the headship of the Government forestry work. He combines high ideals and wide scientific reputation with good practical sense about everything he touches. As Director of the Yale Forest School I have seen both these qualities tested. His plans have always been far-reaching and far-sighted, and he has had a thoroughly businesslike and responsible way of carrying them out which has made it a pleasure to work with him." The new Associate Forester is to be Albert F. Potter, of Arizona, who, since Mr. Pinchot's retirement, has been Acting Chief Forester. Mr. Potter was born in California, went to Arizona, and established himself there in the cattle business. For many years he ran his great herds on the open ranges and worked as an active member of the cow-punching fraternity. There were then no regulations governing grazing on public lands, and the numbers of cattle, sheep, and horses on them increased until the ranges became well-nigh exhausted. About this time Mr. Pinchot went West to study the condition of the ranges. He met Mr. Potter, who was then Secretary of the Arizona Wool-Growers' Association. Mr. Potter accompanied Mr. Pinchot on his trip of investigation and gave him practical information. Mr. Pinchot was so impressed with its thoroughness that he asked Mr. Potter to head the Grazing Division in the Forestry Bureau. That was in 1901. Mr. Potter has held the place ever since. While his specialty is the condition of ranges, his association with the Bureau of Forestry has given him wide acquaintance with the problem of growing trees as well as growing grass on the waste lands.

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SECRETARY KNOX AND MANCHURIA

Mr. Knox, Secretary of State, has now published his recent letter to the Powers suggesting the neutralization of railways in Manchuria, the great northeast portion of China. At present those railways are administered by Russia and Japan. Under concessions from China, Russia controls nearly eleven hundred miles of railway in the north and Japan about five hundred in the south; a number of important branches are under construction. Mr. Knox would have them sold to China. The amount involved might exceed two hundred million dollars. The money would be furnished to China by the interested Powers, but by those, as Mr. Knox's announcement specifies, "pledged to the policy of the 'open door' and equal opportunity." That policy was originated by Secretary Hay. Our Government is committed to its maintenance. It rests primarily on the principle of "China for the Chinese," or, as Mr. Hay was wont to explain, the territorial and administrative integrity of

China. This principle established, the "open door" follows—the doctrine that no Japanese, no Russian, no Englishman, no German, no Frenchman, no American may have special privileges, political or commercial, but that, under the law, in China all foreigners shall have equal rights. Declaring that "the essential principles of the Hay policy of the open door are the preservation of the territorial and the jurisdictional integrity of the Chinese Empire and equal commercial opportunity in China for all nations," Secretary Knox asserts his proposal as not only consonant with the open door policy as above stated, but as its logical sequence, for, he claims, "one of the most effective, if not the most effective way to secure for China the undisturbed enjoyment of all political rights in Manchuria, and to promote the normal development of the Eastern provinces under the policy of the open door, practically applied, is to take the Manchurian railways out of politics and place them under an economic and impartial administration." Nor does he seriously apprehend that a concert of six great Powers, influencing China, will again do what some such concerts have done in the past—dominate the country for their own interests. Of course, providing China treats foreigners with equal justice, she should be allowed to make her own untrammeled conditions in all commercial and financial affairs. Secretary Knox believes that his proposal, if carried into effect, should regain for China an unimpaired territorial and administrative sovereignty. That this is our Government's primary purpose is indicated in a communication from our President to the Chinese Regent. Mr. Taft reasserts his "intense personal interest in making the use of American capital in the development of China an instrument in the promotion of China's welfare and an increase in her material prosperity without entanglements or embarrassments that might affect the growth of her independent political power and the preservation of her territorial integrity." The advantages which Mr. Knox believes his plan affords are that it would relieve China of official Russian or Japanese control of railway affairs; it would relieve Russia and Japan of burdens for which they do not get compensating benefits; it would separate Russian and Japanese official administration by fifteen hundred miles, thus reducing much present friction, and give immense impetus to the development of Manchuria. Nevertheless, a concert of the great European Powers has never before succeeded in excluding jealousy and selfishness from their actions, and we doubt if adding the United States to such a concert would much mitigate the danger of jealousies and selfishness creeping into the administration of Chinese railways by such concerted action.

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WHITE SLAVES When, some time ago, reports were circulated regarding the trade known as the White Slave traffic, which involved the despicable practice of luring young girls to ruin and keeping women virtually imprisoned for profit through immoral practices, the country was indignant, but wisely waited before acting until an authoritative statement was issued from the source from which these reports were alleged to have been derived. This source was the Immigration Commission. Its report on this subject was submitted to Congress, and it not only substantially confirmed those reports, but gave new facts. As a consequence, legislative, executive, and judicial authorities have taken action. A bill has been passed by the House of Representatives for the purpose of further controlling and ultimately stamping out this trade so far as it affects those women and their masters who are under Federal jurisdiction. These are chiefly aliens. The bill makes it unlawful for any person to provide transportation from one State to another for any person connected with this traffic. The mere purchase of a ticket for a woman whereby she would be "enabled or assisted to go from State to State" under such conditions will render the purchaser liable to ten years' imprisonment and a $5,000 fine. Alien women of this class are to be deported whenever they are discovered, and traffickers in them are to be excluded, deported, and punished. Governor Hughes, in his Message, called attention to this, the worst form of slavery, and urged legislative action on the part of the State. And in New York City, which is supposed to be the largest center of this traffic in this country, a special Grand Jury has been in session to make investigation and, if possible, bring indictments. An important witness before this Grand Jury was Professor Jenks, the head of the Immigration Commission. This is a matter on which public opinion should not be allowed to grow indifferent.

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FOLLOWING UP THE SUGAR FRAUDS

Four of the employees of the American Sugar Refining Company lately found guilty of the fraudulent practices described in The Outlook last May in the article on "The Case of the Seventeen Holes" were sentenced last week to a year's imprisonment. In fixing the sentence allowance was made by Judge Martin for the jury's recommendation of mercy and for the fact that these were poor men, wage-workers, with families dependent upon them. But he pointed out that their attitude was not one of penitence for wrong committed, but one of obduracy. "Had they come and confessed their part in this crime," said the Judge, "whether they gave information or not as to others concerned, I would have been inclined to suspend their sentence. As it is, I must now impose sentence." And at the time of conviction Judge Martin declared from the bench that these men's acts since their arrest seemed to him more blamable than those before that date. There is a tendency in all such cases among superficial thinkers to allow their sympathy for men who have been used as tools in crime by their superiors to call out the feeling that it is shameful to let the instigators go free and punish their poor and ignorant agents. It would in fact be a shame if the prosecutors relaxed in the least their efforts to uncover the prime instigators who have chiefly profited by the fraud. In this case the opposite is emphatically true. Mr. Stimson and his colleagues are making every effort to reach those "higher up," and with excellent chance of success; last week a Federal Grand Jury indicted Charles R. Heike, Secretary of the American Sugar Refining Company. Meanwhile those who actually did the false weighing have no right to public sympathy unless they honestly and frankly aid in uncovering the sources of the evil. The four sentenced last week refused to do this, in spite of the fact that jury and judge agreed that it was by the acts of these men that the Government was defrauded of immense sums, to the profit of the Company, which has acknowledged the wrongful weighing and repaid the money. Systematized stealing like this is not planned by a few workmen; the profit went to the Company; the men who did the actual fraud received extra pay; some one of brain power was back of it all; to claim otherwise is to insult common intelligence. Yet it must be noted that the annual report of the American Sugar Refining Company, published last week, declares that "no attempt whatever has been made to shield any one, and your board has no reason to believe and does not believe that any executive officer or director of this Company had any knowledge of or participation in this fraudulent underweighing." It would be more to the point if the Company would state what it has done to show who the real criminals are and to aid in their punishment.

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THE BOSTON ELECTION: THE PERSONAL ELEMENT

The defeat of Mr. Storrow by ex-Mayor Fitzgerald in the Boston mayoralty election last week is a disappointment to the supporters of honest and efficient municipal government in every part of the country. It does not, however, indicate that the policy of non-partisan municipal elections and the Short Ballot, provided by the new Boston charter, are a failure. On the contrary, this election aroused a more active civic interest than has perhaps ever before been exhibited in a Boston city election, and brought out a larger total vote than has ever been cast in a similar election in that city. How small a part strict partisanship played is indicated by the fact that Mr. Storrow, a Democrat in his political affiliations, received a large proportion of the Republican and Independent vote, and came within a little over a thousand votes of being elected on the face of the returns. Various causes contributed to his defeat. He is a banker of large wealth, and this fact was used by his opponent in public speeches to stir up class prejudice and distrust. Undoubtedly some men voted against him from an honest, although we think in this case an unintelligent, fear of the so-called money power. He is not a man of personal magnetism, and ex-Mayor Fitzgerald is a past-master in the arts of making a pleasing popular impression. While Mr. Storrow is a fine type of what is popularly known as a "leading citizen," he was not personally known to the great mass of the voters, and ex-Mayor Fitzgerald was. Thousands of the voters of Boston have shaken hands with ex-Mayor Fitzgerald and exchanged a word of greeting with him during his previous political career; this human element is influential in municipal elections, as has been so long demonstrated in the example of Tammany Hall in New York. Mr. Storrow, in his admirable campaign, made so strong a personal impression on those who heard and saw him in all quarters of the city that a little longer time would have enabled him to overcome the advantage in this respect possessed by Mr. Fitzgerald.

THE BOSTON ELECTION: THE CORPORATION ELEMENT

But, in spite of Mr. Fitzgerald's popularity with certain kinds of voters, it is thought in Boston that he would have been defeated if some of the great corporation interests had not allowed it to be generally believed that they quietly favored the defeat of Mr. Storrow. Charges to this effect were categorically made in at least one of the Boston newspapers previous to the election, and have never been satisfactorily denied by those against whom the charges were directed. Even if these suspicions of the attitude of the public service corporations of Boston cannot be definitely proved, the fact that the public entertains them is natural in the light of the history of the relation of public service corporations to municipal government in other American cities. New York, Philadelphia, Chicago, Cleveland, Newark, St. Louis, Denver, and San Francisco are some of the municipalities that have furnished undeniable scandals in this respect. Denials from the managers of public service corporations are not sufficient; they can dislodge these suspicions from the public mind only by coming out openly and vigorously in behalf of honest government. Of course, as corporations, the public utility companies have no more right to campaign for good candidates than they have for bad candidates; but the officers and individuals composing the corporation may exercise their rights as citizens, and ought not to abdicate their citizenship in behalf of what they suppose to be the interests of their corporation. In the struggle against municipal corruption those who are not with genuine reform must be counted against it. We believe that the directors of public utility corporations will in the near future learn, as the managers of steam railways have already learned, that honest, upright, and impartial government is really to their business advantage, because it destroys the all too prevalent abuse of strike legislation and blackmail. Under the new charter the Mayor of Boston has greatly increased powers. This fact, however, is more likely to restrain Mayor Fitzgerald from making his administration one of "business politics" than to aid him in so doing. His appointments will be scrutinized as they never have been before, and they are carefully guarded by tests for fitness incorporated in the charter. Seven members of the small and concentrated Council of Nine are indorsed by the Good Government Association, and this Council, together with the Finance Commission, will be able to turn the light of publicity upon the new Mayor's course as it has never been turned upon the administration of any previous Mayor. On the whole, in spite of their disappointment, the advocates of good government in Boston may get, we think, a good deal of comfort out of the results of the election.

MAYOR GAYNOR'S APPOINTMENTS

Mayor Gaynor, of New York, continues, by selecting for responsible offices of his administration appointees who are conspicuous for their excellence, to mortify those who, like The Outlook, opposed him in his ante-election campaign on the ground that he would make a poor administrative officer. It is an agreeable duty to confess that, apparently, Mayor Gaynor was misjudged in this respect. It is a much pleasanter experience to have a Mayor whom it was feared would be a failure turn out to be a success than to have a hoped-for success turn out to be a failure. The three most recent and important appointments of Mayor Gaynor are greatly to his credit. He has named Dr. Ernst J. Lederle Health Commissioner, Mr. Charles B. Stover Park Commissioner, and Mr. John J. Murphy Tenement-House Commissioner. Dr. Lederle, although not a physician, is a bacteriological chemist of reputation and authority who has had experience and has made an excellent record in the Health Department under previous administrations, having been Health Commissioner under Mayor Low; in National politics he is a Republican. Mr. Murphy, in politics a Democrat, has been actively associated with various movements of civic reform. He was until recently Secretary of the Citizens' Union, and his interest in the welfare of the people who live in the tenement-house section of the city is indicated by the fact that he is a member of the People's Institute. Mr. Stover is a Democrat in the broadest sense of that word. Receiving his education at Lafayette College, at Union Theological Seminary, and at the University of Berlin, he some years ago took up his residence on the East Side of New York and became a well-known settlement worker. He has been active and influential in the creation of small parks for the people and outdoor playgrounds for the children of the city. An American with a European education and European experience, long a dweller among those people of the city who most need the fresh air and the natural beauties of the parks, and absolutely unaffected by political pull or influence, there is every reason to believe that he will give the parks of this city a new value as breathing-places and recreation spots for men, women, and children who by force of circumstances spend too much of their time shut up between brick walls. Another excellent non-political appointment is that of Mr. R. T. H. Halsey to be a member of the Municipal Art Commission. Mr. Halsey is a banker and broker and an authority upon certain phases of American art. He has been a trustee of the Metropolitan Art Museum. In appointing his Tax Board Mayor Gaynor has insisted upon better standards of assessment, which will raise the debt limit of the city by many millions of dollars, and thus increase its ability to borrow money for needed improvements.

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GOVERNOR FORT AND MONEY IN ELECTIONS

The second annual message of Governor Fort, of New Jersey, should be useful reading in other States also. Last year the Fort administration succeeded in passing a direct primary law. As the Governor says, people are coming to take more interest in the primary than at any time hitherto. This is fortunate, for the primary may be said to be the real source of all political power. "In many cases a nomination is equivalent to an election, and it is vital to republican government that the people control the primary elections." Governor Fort recommends two things: First, he would strengthen the present primary laws by providing for an enrollment of party voters, so as to prevent any voter of one party voting in the primary of another. Second, he would extend them to cover the nomination for Member of Congress and for Governor. The law allowing popular choice for a United States Senator will be operative this year for the first time at primary elections. As to ballot reform, Judge Fort calls attention to the fact that forty-two States in the Union use the form of ballot known as the "blanket ballot"—that is to say, a ballot on which are found the names of all candidates. There are two classes of these ballots—the Massachusetts form, which disregards all party columns, and the Wisconsin form, which recognizes party columns. The essential thing, however, is a form of ballot upon which shall be found all the candidates of all the parties. Governor Fort recommends that the Clerk of the County should print the official ballot as at present, but that the election officers should be required to send to each voter at his place of residence a copy of the ballot. Thus no need should remain for the use of money by candidates or parties on election day, or before, in the matter of getting the ballots into the hands of the voters. This brings up the vital subject of the use of money at elections. Certainly the use of money at elections, whether primary or general, should be curtailed. The public is more and more offended by the practice of raising and distributing large sums of money at election time by party managers. This inevitably tends to corrupt not only the voter but also the affairs of government. To check this Governor Fort would do two things. First, he would have an election law framed to permit each party to employ at each polling-place a challenger, a clerk to keep check upon the vote, and a messenger or two to send for negligent voters; the amount that could thus be expended should be fixed by law, and it should be made a misdemeanor to expend in any way other money for any persons about the polls. Second, he would repeal the present laws which provide imprisonment for persons convicted of election bribery, and substitute as a punishment the taking away of the right of suffrage. We should differ with Governor Fort only in that we should not abolish imprisonment but should add disfranchisement to it.

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THE STUDENT VOLUNTEER MOVEMENT

Over thirty-six hundred delegates, representing twenty-nine differing nationalities, attended the Sixth International Convention of the Student Volunteer Movement, which held its influential sessions in Rochester December 29 to January 2. The delegates represented nearly all of the one thousand institutions of higher learning in the United States and Canada in which the Movement aims to promote missionary life, and it is believed that over two hundred and fifty thousand students have already come under its inspiring influences. The Movement had its inception in a conference of Christian college students entertained by Dwight L. Moody at Mount Hermon in 1886, when, out of two hundred and fifty student attendants, one hundred pledged themselves to missionary service. Organization was effected in 1888, when its name, with the motto "The Evangelization of the World in this Generation," was adopted. What this motto may mean and has meant to the Movement was told by Mr. John R. Mott in one of the most eventful sessions of the conference. It presents a commanding ideal, emphasizes the pressing and overwhelming urgency of the missionary situation, and reminds the Church that the problem is one which living men have to face in behalf of men now living. It appeals for heroism, develops statesmanship, induces thorough preparation for missionary work, and exerts a profound spiritual influence. The Movement proves its service only as a recruiting agency. It does not send out missionaries, but aims to awaken active interest in foreign missions among Christian students, and to enroll competent volunteers, whom it aids to prepare for missionary life work. It has enrolled 25,000 students in mission study classes; and it is now true that no one class of people believes so strongly in missions as do the students in our higher institutions; 4,338 volunteers, through the influence of the Movement, reached the mission field prior to January 1, 1910. These were sent out by fifty-five mission boards; one-third are women; over twelve hundred have gone to China alone. The Movement is making a strong missionary interest permanent; has raised the standards of qualification and stimulated the spiritual life of students everywhere. Missionary gifts from students have increased to $127,000 a year, and there is a growing sense of responsibility among students who are to spend their lives in the home field. These have resolved to make the Church at home an adequate base for world-wide missionary service. Several institutions are supporting their own missionary representatives. There is a "New Yale" at Changsa, China, and an enterprise of Princeton students at Peking is flourishing. Even more notable has been the consecration of native students. The Peking and Shantung Universities have furnished bands of two hundred and one hundred, respectively, for missionary service.

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CHRISTIAN UNITY

It may well prove, however, that the most important result of the Movement has come in the direction of Christian unity. Students trained to common interests in united co-operative service here, continue to plan and work together abroad, and these Volunteer Students, working in unity of service, now number one-third of the total missionary force abroad, and their principles of Christian unity may soon sweep divisive forces from the field. A splendid appeal for missionary service in Latin America was made by Mr. Robert E. Speer. With an opening tribute to the noble work of the Roman Catholic clergy in this and other countries, he showed by tragic statistics the terrible need for spiritual, ethical, and moral regeneration among the peoples of South America. The Rev. Dr. Adams, of South Orange, the Rev. George Sherwood Eddy, from India, and the Rev. Mr. Phelps, who emphasized the value of the work of Chinese students among their countrymen, made influential addresses, and the Chinese student from Yale, Mr. C. T. Wong, impressed the Convention by his thrilling plea for the evangelization of his native land. In sectional conferences, which were held in the afternoons, delegates came into close personal touch with returned missionaries and home leaders, and denominations considered their own special interests. The Episcopal Students' Missionary Association, which has been merged in the general union Movement, contributed largely to the interest. Deaconess Knapp, of the New York Training School for Deaconesses, spoke of special education, theological and practical, for the missionary student; and Bishop Lloyd, late Secretary of its Mission Board, gave an inspirational address on the spiritual life. The devotional atmosphere which marked the entire convention was promoted by opening devotional hours, by the use of an adequate and inspiring hymnal and of prayer cards distributed daily. An inspiring service, memorial of Student Volunteer martyrs who have laid down their lives in foreign fields, was most impressive, as was the presence of ninety-two new missionaries just ready to sail for the foreign field.

THE LAYMEN'S MISSIONARY CAMPAIGN

What Kipling called the "white man's burden" is a reality in religion as well as in matters pertaining to the physical betterment of backward peoples. This religious responsibility has lately been emphasized in New York City more than at any time since the Ecumenical Missionary Conference in 1900. The laymen of the Protestant churches have begun during the past two years to rise to the opportunities and needs of missionary enterprise, as the women did a generation earlier. The Women's Boards of Missions then organized now hail the Laymen's Missionary Movement. This has come down to us from Canada, where it has been remarkably successful. It has roused large interest in places as far apart as New Orleans and Boston, and now has met with hearty response in New York. Some seventy great conventions in the most important centers from the Atlantic to the Pacific will have been held in its National campaign. The psychological moment had come to emphasize the religious call which has been long but feebly responded to. Our people were awaking to the fact that our National welfare is involved in the welfare of the gigantic Asia which fronts our Western coast. Statesmen had told us, with President Taft, that missionaries are the best promoters of peaceful development there. Business men travel thither and return to tell us, as did Mr. Dow in The Outlook of December 25, that it is even so. The old theological motive of missions gives place to the religious humanitarianism which treats human brotherhood as a compelling fact. And now purses open to finance its work. Preceded by a week of meetings in the vicinity, a week of meetings in the city, in which half a dozen denominations co-operate, have been calling out the reserves effectively. Large pledges have been made and an advance line occupied with high resolves from which retreat is unlikely.

WILLIAM R. RICHARDS

It requires no mean ability to maintain for any great length of time a successful pastorate in New York City. A brilliant preacher may attract a crowd and fill a church, but he cannot by his brilliance build up a church into a strong and effective organization. A skillful captain of spiritual industry may organize into an effective working organization the forces which already exist but he cannot by his mere organizing ability create the forces that are necessary, and the momentum furnished by his predecessor gradually grows less and less. An effective church must therefore have either in the one pastor, or in a combination of pastors, both a preacher and an organizer, both a creator and a director of spiritual forces. It was in this combination of qualities that Dr. Richards, the pastor of the Brick Church of New York City, excelled; and it was because of this combination that his death recently leaves so large a gap in the spiritual ranks of the great metropolis. He was not a brilliant preacher; but he was what is better, both a luminous and a warm preacher. Neither emotional nor scinctillating, he gave both light and warmth to every topic he discussed, for he preached not only *on* topics but distinctly *to* men and women. He was emphatically a human preacher, interested in and therefore interesting to the average man. At the same time he gathered about him co-workers, both official and unofficial, paid and voluntary, of executive and administrative ability, on whom he devolved large responsibilities and to whom he gave wise guidance. Alike as a personal friend and as an executive head he was a wise counselor, guiding with efficient methods to well-considered ends with a wisdom always tempered by a fine but uncombative courage. In his death the Presbyterian Church has lost a wise and courageous counselor, the city a quiet and effective spiritual leader, and one of its most useful and influential churches a much loved teacher, friend, and pastor. The Outlook is glad to print on another page a poetic tribute to the memory of this upright citizen and loyal friend by President Finley, of the College of the City of New York.

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IN MEMORY OF A MISSIONARY HERO

On Sunday of last week, in the Church of the Incarnation of New York City, just thirty-seven years from the day on which he was consecrated as missionary bishop to the then wild Indian tribes of Dakota, a memorial service for Bishop Hare was held, under the auspices of the Niobrara League, an organization formed to further his work. Bishop Greer paid his tribute of respect to the rare and beautiful character of the man whose self-sacrifice and endurance were unbounded, whose ardor never flagged, whose hope never failed. Called often to easier and what must have seemed to a man of his rare refinement and scholarship more effective service, he, with self-effacing heroism and increasing zeal and devotion, remained true to the Indians to whom he had consecrated himself. Not less heroic is the story of the courage and inspiration with which he bore the suffering which came to him before in death he laid his armor down. When Bishop Hare first went to Niobrara, it was quite possible, as Mr. John W. Wood told, for him to have read a sign offering to any white man a bonus of $250 for the scalp of any Indian brought to the office of the county clerk. The Indians also had inherited bitter hatred of the whites. He undertook the stupendous task, which any man might have held useless, of reconciliation. He interpreted the one to the other, so that to-day in South Dakota the red man knows the white as brother. No lesser man could have done this. He was the highest expression of the higher race; showing the bounteous courtesy of the Christian gentleman, he gave of his best to the red man. Not only was he scholar and saint and man of affairs; he lived in tents among the Indians at their convocations, brown children clambered upon him, men and women adored him and kissed the skirts of his coat. He was entirely and devotedly theirs. He proved, too, their interpreter to Washington, seeking substantial justice for them, and teaching them patience and trust under what often seemed cruel and unrighteous treatment. When Bishop Hare was consecrated for Niobrara, it was said that the Church was using a Damascus blade where a blunt wedge was needed. "When," said the critics, "shall we learn not to do our roughest work with our choicest men?" In answer, Bishop Johnson, at present in charge of Bishop Hare's work, told how one of Bishop Hare's Indian clergymen described the resentment felt by Indians toward white men and their religion when first Bishop Hare came among them. "But we had an example of constant love before us, to which we must of necessity respond, the gentleness, the courtesy, the still, small voice of a noble man." Dr. Huntington, whose work in Grace Church his congregation so lately honored in a great memorial service, said that the mothers of South Dakota trained in Bishop Hare's home—All Saints' School—will forever bear in their souls the imprint of his character. He was tenderness itself to his clergy, and, through him, upon his people came down the grace of God. Two months ago every wheel in a rough commercial city stood still when the body of its bishop was carried to the "resting-place of a pilgrim on his way to Jerusalem." Among the crowds there was not a man or woman whose life had not been made stronger by his. With the noblest ideals of self-sacrifice, and in the spirit of Paul and of Christ, he gave his life to make men and women of the twentieth century out of a savage race. The name of William Hobart Hare is one that succeeding generations must not let die. To-day, above all stress and storm, all worry and work, the angel of the Church in South Dakota may be writing, "I know thy work and labor of love . . . to him that overcometh."

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CARDINAL SATOLLI By the death of Cardinal Satolli the Roman Catholic Church loses its foremost interpreter at Rome of America. Francesco Satolli was born in 1839 at Marsciano, near Perugia, Italy, of noble and illustrious lineage. When he was a boy, the archdiocesan seminary at Perugia numbered Joachim Pecci among its teachers. Satolli followed enthusiastically Pecci's adaptation of the teachings of the past to issues of the present, and became his ablest and favorite pupil. When the teacher was elevated to episcopal dignity, Satolli, now grown to man's estate, was called to the chair left vacant at the Perugia seminary. But the bishop was to become Pope. Then, as Leo XIII, appreciating the value of his loyal disciple, he called Satolli to Rome and made him Professor of Dogmatic Theology at the great teaching institution known as the Propaganda. Satolli became the most prominent ecclesiastical instructor at Rome. In 1889 Leo XIII detached him from the Propaganda and sent him to America, ostensibly to be present at the centenary of the Roman Catholic hierarchy in the United States and at the opening of the American Catholic University at Washington, but primarily, doubtless, to report on American conditions. Three years later Satolli was made the first Apostolic Delegate to the United States. Among others, two questions confronted the Pope's lieutenant: the school problem and the difficulty between priests and bishops. As to the first, at that time some Roman Catholic bishops were threatening with excommunication parents who did not send their children to parochial schools. On the other hand, the militant friends of our public schools were crying, "No American Pope." The result of the Delegate's tactful offices was that, with but one exception, as we recall, no Roman Catholic bishop ever authorized excommunication for this cause. Satolli did more, we think, than any other man to save America from a religio-political conflict concerning the schools, which might have been as serious as that now raging in France. The difficulty between priests and bishops came to a head in the case of Father McGlynn. He had been deposed on account of differences with Archbishop Corrigan, of New York. Through the Delegate's efforts Dr. McGlynn was restored to his priestly functions. In 1895 Satolli was made cardinal, and has ever since been mentioned among possible successors to the papacy. Concerning the friars' land question in the Philippines his advice and influence went far to bring about an amicable settlement. In this he and President Taft, then our Government's agent in the matter, came to know each other intimately. Satolli's friendliness for America and the President is seen in the Cardinal's dying message: "Remember me to President Taft, and tell him that I hope the day will come when the United States and Italy will be allied—Italy being then a republic." In appearance Satolli was the quintessence of the cultivated, intellectual Italian. He was of medium height and of slender frame, and, until lately, his hair remained raven black. His forehead was broad and massive and his eyes dark and lustrous. His whole face evinced intelligence, power, and self-control. In Rome he was known by the title which he loved best, "the American Cardinal," a title bestowed upon him because of his intense interest in Americans and their welfare. Higher, we believe, than any other member of the Sacred College save Cardinal Gibbons, the only American cardinal, he valued America's importance in the world's religious development.

AN IMPRESSIVE PARK

There are few more striking bits of landscape in this country than the Garden of the Gods, in the outskirts of Colorado Springs, at the foot of the Rocky Mountain range, overshadowed by Pike's Peak, and not far from the opening of one of the most wonderful glens or ravines in the mountains. This bit of landscape is strikingly well named. It might have been called "the Garden of the Giants;" there is the suggestion of tremendous power, but it is so harmonious that it seems the work of the gods rather than of Titans. It is impossible to reproduce it in art without conveying a spectacular effect on account of the brilliancy of coloring and the strange rock formations; but as one looks at it under the sky of Colorado, it is singularly impressive. This garden is to be forever preserved from any uses less general and noble than its character suggests. It has been presented as a park to Colorado Springs by the children of the late Charles E. Perkins, a well-known railway president. He became the owner of the Garden, which comprises about five hundred acres, thirty years ago, and has always kept it open to the public. More than one attempt was made to purchase the ground as a park, but all offers were refused. Mr. Perkins left a note on the back of an old envelope which read, "It is my wish that my children give the Garden of the Gods to the city of Colorado Springs for park purposes." Mr. Perkins's children have promptly complied with his request by placing the park in the hands of three trustees, and the Garden is to be hereafter maintained as a public park, open to all, under the conditions that no intoxicating liquors shall ever be manufactured or sold on the premises and no buildings erected other than those necessary for the care of the property. The Garden has a natural gateway formed by two immense slabs of red sandstone which rise to the height of more than three hundred feet, and between which stands a smaller stone, apparently eternally on guard, while Pike's Peak rises in the background.

AVIATION AT LOS ANGELES

Whatever may be the future of the flying-machine for practical use, its fascination for purposes of sport and exhibition was most fully illustrated at Los Angeles last week, as it was at Rheims last autumn. Many thousand spectators—at one time, the reports say, forty thousand—gazed with breathless pleasure at the wonderful feats of Louis Paulhan, the young Frenchman whose daring and skill really made his maneuvers bird-like in darting, rising, and swooping. Glenn Curtiss and half a dozen other aviators were worthy performers with biplane and monoplane. Roy Knabeshue and one or two others gave interesting exhibitions with dirigible balloons, but the glory and honor of the week were unquestionably with the flying-machine, and equally surely by far the greatest as well as most spectacular feat was Paulhan's ascent to 4,165 feet altitude, by which he beat by a large margin all previous altitude records for heavier-than-air machines. This flight was continued until the big biplane in which it was made, the spectators say, "lost its outline, became a mere bit of black against the clear sky, and was again seen in a long, perilous sweep as the aviator descended, swooping to the west and reversing his course when within five hundred feet of the earth." Another remarkable achievement by Paulhan was the carrying, in a short flight, of two passengers, one a woman. Altogether the week marked the highest level of American interest in aviation.

THE "BEST SELLERS"

The analysis of the lists of so-called "best sellers" made every year by the "Bookman" shows some interesting results. A year ago the leading book for the year among the best sellers was "Lewis Rand," followed, in order, by "The Testing of Diana Mallory" and

"The Trail of the Lonesome Pine," with Mr. Hopkinson Smith's "Peter" holding a good place. In the lists for 1909 twenty-nine books were represented as against thirty-six in 1908. "Katrine," a story heavily surcharged with sentiment, was mentioned in the list six times, while "The Trail of the Lonesome Pine" and "Peter" were mentioned five times. Other stories of interest were "Septimus," "A Certain Rich Man," "The Red City," and "The Bride of the Mistletoe"—these titles interspersed with others whose principal claim to attention is the fact that they have attained a certain popularity. The "Bookman" notices, among other facts of interest, that in the list for 1909 there appears no book written in collaboration; that one book, "The Inner Shrine," which attained considerable popularity, was published anonymously; and that, of the other twenty-eight books, twenty-one were written by men and seven by women. Of the twenty-nine books which appear on the lists of 1909, only four were of foreign authorship. Mrs. Humphry Ward is still popular in this country, Mr. William J. Locke has secured a large American audience, and Mr. Robert Hichens and Mr. Phillips Oppenheim appear to have many American readers.

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CONCERNING "DIXIE"

If it is true that the statement recently made that "Dixie" is just now the most popular patriotic song in this country has disturbed a good many people, it brings to light the curious absence of humor in a country which regards itself as possessing, in an unusual degree, the sense of humor. The absence of the sense of perspective and proportion is one of the disastrous evidences of this absence of the saving sense of humor. The popularity of "Dixie" is not to be explained by the statement that the Lost Cause has won and that the whole Nation has accepted the Southern point of view of 1861. That is so obviously absurd that to mention it is to refute it. The explanation of the popularity of "Dixie" is very simple, as most explanations are. The Northern people like the Southern people. They admire their courage, their pluck, and their loyalty to ideals and traditions. Above all, they like "Dixie" because it is the most singable of all the patriotic songs of the Civil War period. It is not poetry any more than "Yankee Doodle" is poetry. "My Maryland" is far superior from the standpoint of imagination and feeling, and "The Battle Hymn of the Republic" in dignity and patriotic passion rises above them all. But "Dixie," while it is not poetry, offers vocal channels of unusual width for the expression of what may be called collective emotion. A crowd can pour itself out more readily through "Dixie" than almost any other song within reach of the American people. It comes so close to the famous rebel yell that, like that historic cry, but without its implications, it gives immediate and prompt relief to the feeling which is always ready to be evoked in a crowd. "Dixie" is gay, vivacious, spirited, and has a wonderfully taking rhythm. By and by we may get a National air that shall be at once poetic and singable.

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MAPPING THE WORLD

History ascribes to Anaximander of Miletus (560 B.C.) the credit of having drawn the first map of the then known world. Ptolemy, greatest of ancient geographers, in the second century B.C., availing himself of the labors of Hipparchus, Eratosthenes, and Marinus, improved upon and combined them and produced a map of the world whose authority among geographers, like that of Aristotle in science, prevailed down to the sixteenth century. In the great age of exploration and discovery—the fifteenth, sixteenth, and seventeenth centuries—the illustrious names in cartography were those of Werner, Cabot, Apianus, and Mercator. The last, in fact, is even more familiar to the students of geographical science to-day than that of any other geographer, not excepting even the great Ptolemy, for nearly all atlases give maps of the world on what is called Mercator's projection. Cesar Cassini, in 1733, constructed a map based on trigonometric and topographic surveys, and hence may be called the father of modern scientific cartography. Notwithstanding the fact that since Cassini's time certain countries have been mapped with great accuracy by modern scientific methods, it will probably be a surprise to most people to learn that the work of making the first great and approximately correct map of the entire world has now been fairly begun, and that the labor and difficulties of the undertaking are so vast that they are to be distributed among all civilized countries and their chief geographical experts. The scheme was suggested at the meeting of the International Geographical Congress in Berne in 1891, by Professor Penck, of Germany, who has been one of its most earnest and able advocates ever since. The scale of the proposed map, the largest ever constructed, is to be 1 to 1,000,000, or about sixteen statute miles to the inch. At the Berne meeting a committee was named to suggest a scheme for such a map, and that committee reported at subsequent congresses held in London, Berlin, Washington, and in Geneva, the last in 1908. The plan as amended at the Geneva Congress was elaborate, and, with the exception of a few modifications made at the recent London Conference, is essentially that upon which this giant map of the world is to be constructed. According to these amended suggestions, it is provided that each sheet of the proposed map shall embrace an area of four degrees in latitude and six degrees in longitude, it being permissible, north of latitude 60° north and south of latitude 60° south, to join two or more sheets of the same zone so as to cover twelve degrees or more of longitude. In all there will be 2,400 of these sheets, drawn independently and internationally designated. At the Conference in London there were twenty-four delegates, representing the chief European countries, the United States, Canada, and Australia. Mr. Bailey Wallis, who, with Mr. Kubel, represented the United States, returned lately and reports harmonious work and co-operation on the part of the delegates and the countries they represent in furtherance of the execution of the plan outlined. The advantage of having a great map of the world, 100 by 150 feet in dimension, drawn with absolute uniformity of system by the expert cartographers and geographers of all civilized countries, is obvious, and the progress of the work will be watched with interest.

THE WASHINGTON MAELSTROM

In all the confusion worse confounded which characterizes Washington politics, as reported by the Washington correspondence of the daily press, certain fundamental facts are clear, though not altogether clearly seen by the newspaper reader. They are these:

I. The President by his Messages and speeches has fully committed himself and his Administration to a continuance of what are known as the Roosevelt policies: the conservation of our National resources; the development of our waterways; the control by the Federal Government of the great corporations; the regulation, by action both prompt and efficient, of the inter-State railways which are the highways of the Nation. In two respects he has supplemented Mr. Roosevelt's recommendations by recommendations of his own. To facilitate the more prompt redress of wrong suffered by shippers at the hands of the railways, or by one railway at the hands of another, he has proposed a special court to have exclusive jurisdiction of all appeals from decisions of the Inter-State Commerce Commission; and to secure more effective control of the great corporations he has already secured a law providing for an investigation into their financial affairs for purposes of taxation.

II. The removal of Messrs. Glavis, Price, Shaw, and Pinchot from office has deprived the public service of four honest, efficient, disinterested, and capable men. These removals may be, we think, justly criticised as indicating that the President puts too great an emphasis on official punctilio and relatively too little on public efficiency. The President might with profit have learned a lesson from Abraham Lincoln's patience with over-zealous and indiscreet subordinates, and found a way to preserve the public zeal of these officials and tempered it with greater official propriety. But if any one imagined that these removals indicated a lack of interest on the President's part in the policy of forest preservation, the appointment of Mr. Henry S. Graves to succeed Mr. Pinchot should remove that suspicion. Mr. Graves is Director of the Yale

School of Forestry, is a personal friend of Mr. Pinchot, and has already declared his belief in Mr. Pinchot's policy. No better appointment could have been made; no better assurance could have been given to the country of the President's purpose to preserve that policy unchanged.

III. The dangers to the conservation of our National resources do not come from any proposed change of policy; nor from the change that has taken place in the personnel of the Forestry Department; nor from any indifference to such conservation on the part of the President. They come from two sources.

The investigations and prosecutions initiated by Secretary Hitchcock and carried on by his successor, Secretary Garfield, demonstrated conclusively that land thieves have been for some time getting possession of the public domain, and that they have had sometimes the direct, sometimes the indirect, aid of public officials in and out of Congress. The country is dependent for the protection of its National resources on the energy and efficiency of the Secretary of the Interior. We believe that, with the exception presently to be stated, the charges against the present Secretary of the Interior are without foundation, and we shall continue to treat them as wholly groundless in the absence of specific and definite evidence to support them. But neither the President nor Mr. Ballinger ought to be surprised at the widespread questioning throughout the country as to whether the latter is the best man to serve as the trustee for the public of the public wealth. For these facts are not disputed and are indisputable: that when he was in charge of the Land Office the so-called Cunningham claims to large and exceedingly valuable coal deposits were pending before that office; that almost immediately on his retiring from the Land Office he became the legal representative of those claims both before the Department and before Congress; that in less than a year thereafter he became Secretary of the Interior; and that now, as Secretary of the Interior, he has declared that he is estopped from passing on these claims, and must leave them to final adjudication by his subordinates. In this position he is apparently sustained by the President. We repeat what we have heretofore said, that in our judgment this position is indefensible. The country has the right to have as Secretary of the Interior one who is able to devote himself unreservedly to the protection of the public interests. When the public learn that their trustee has been an attorney for adverse claimants, they begin to be suspicious. When they are officially told that because he has been an attorney for adverse claimants he cannot in his official capacity protect the public domain from these claims, but must leave them to be passed upon by subordinates of whom the public know little or nothing, their suspicions are not allayed. When a Congressional committee is appointed to investigate the whole subject, and before the investigation is begun the men whose reports have called for this investigation are all turned out of office, their suspicions become serious anxieties. And when they are told that the organization Republicans have made every effort to have the committee of investigation appointed by Speaker Cannon, who is frankly and openly opposed to the new policy of conservation, and that the Senate amended the resolution for investigation so as to deny these ex-officials any right to appear before the committee, either in person or by counsel (although as this is written there is some indication that the Senate will recede from this position), their anxieties are deepened. The country has confidence in the President. But the President ought to know enough of human nature to realize that no man, however high his position, is immune from suspicion, and that it is for his interest, and that of the Secretary of the Interior, and that of the Republican party, that this Congressional investigation shall be prompt, open, thorough, searching, that no hindrance shall be put in its way and that no official in Congress or out of it shall be exempt from inquiry.

And this is the more necessary because Congress itself is not as free from suspicion as Cæsar wished his wife to be. Mr. Pinchot, in his published statement, recalls facts which not all in the country have forgotten. He reminds us of the meeting of Governors in May, 1908, of their report, of President Roosevelt's message thereon and his recommendations calling for legislation, as now President Taft and Secretary Ballinger call for legislation; and he continues:

> At this critical period, when the goal was in sight, enemies of conservation in Congress not only suceeeded in preventing an appropriation with which to pursue the work, but attempted to forbid its progress by the Tawney amendment to the last Sundry Civil Bill. Thereupon the work of the National Conservation Commission was stopped. The recommendations of the Commission still wait for action. All wise men will agree that the situation is serious. The Tawney amendment was more than a mistake—it was a deliberate betrayal of the future. The dangers which confront the conservation movement to-day must be met by positive action in Congress. No action will be equivalent to bad action, and will have the same results.

IV. The attempt on the part of certain professional politicians to make it appear that the insurgents are opposed to the Roosevelt and Taft policies has failed. They are opposed to a continuance of an autocratic rule in the House of Representatives which makes it possible for a small oligarchy to block any legislation which the oligarchy does not approve. As Mr. Pinchot reminds us, it has succeeded in blocking thus far legislation which not only two Presidents, but with substantial unanimity the Governors of all the States, have called for as necessary to preserve for the public benefit the public wealth. The President is apparently hopeful of getting the consent of this oligarchy to the needed legislation. The insurgents do not share his hope. It is to be said in support of his hope that he has succeeded in getting assent to a tariff commission which gives promise of future tariff reform, and of a corporate tax law which gives promise of effective Federal regulation of corporations. It must be said, on the other side, that any legislation apparently favorable to conservation which is assented to by Speaker Cannon and Senator Aldrich, the leaders of the Congressional oligarchy, will be scanned with great suspicion by the American people. Meanwhile it is certain that the difference between the President and the insurgents is not on the question of public policy; it is on the question of method to be pursued in getting that public policy indorsed by Congress. The President thinks that it can be secured by negotiating with the oligarchy; the insurgents that it can be secured only by overthrowing the oligarchy. The Outlook agrees with the insurgents. Even if the President should succeed in getting the desired legislation by the consent of the oligarchy, we should still agree with the insurgents. The President is debarred from taking any part or expressing any opinion concerning the methods by which the House of Representatives should do its business. We are not debarred from saying that we do not believe in an oligarchy, whether it is wise or foolish, beneficent or maleficent, and adding our further conviction that the particular oligarchy which the insurgents are attempting to overthrow is one of the strongholds of special privilege, and that in our judgment a great and increasing proportion of the American people desire to see it overthrown and a true representative assembly established in its place.

To sum up: The people believe in the President; believe in his avowed policies and the earnestness of his purposes; believe in a thorough and searching investigation to ascertain whether those policies are being honestly and efficiently carried out; and believe in the heroic endeavor of the insurgents to restore to the House of Representatives its ancient liberties and function.

THEODORE THORNTON MUNGER

A few years ago a leading religious journal in Great Britain characterized Dr. Munger and four other Americans as "molders of British thought." An effective molder of American thought he has been in readjusting traditional religious beliefs to the new learning. Work and study in inconspicuous pastorates brought him, when near "the dead line of fifty," to intellectual and spiritual leadership among English-speaking people. This was signalized by the reception of his epoch-marking discourses on "The Freedom of Faith." In the Congregational fellowship, with which he was associated, the stormy passage from ancient to modern ways of thinking had begun sooner than with other evangelicals, and among its pilots Dr. Munger's voice was most resonant and winning. A London reviewer, often inhospitable to American authors, said: "If Theodore Munger had been an alumnus of Cambridge or Oxford, and had received Episcopal ordination, he would have been a first-class university preacher."

The first strands of the bridge for orthodoxy across the gulf between mediæval and modern theology had been strung in the preceding generation by Horace Bushnell in his books on "Christian Nurture," "Nature and the Supernatural," and "Vicarious Sacrifice." Dr. Munger was Bushnell's disciple and legitimate successor, resembling him in mental temper and spiritual insight. He was the fittest man to write that classic biography which so justly appreciates his forerunner's relation both to the old theology and the new. The irenic and mediating spirit of Bushnell, so conspicuous in his correspondence, of a kind then rare, with Dr. Bartol, the distinguished Unitarian divine, was characteristic of Dr. Munger also. Quoting Phillips Brooks's remark that the Unitarian schism in New England could not have occurred had modern exegesis then existed, he strove for the reunion of the separated sections of the historic Church of the Mayflower, declaring that from its division had sprung pharisaism on the one hand and agnosticism on the other. Everywhere his method is synthetic rather than analytic, as a Platonist rather than an Aristotelian. He is always intent on the unity beneath all differences, on the truth common to contending parties, and his message, like Bushnell's, was to both. Such theologians have been few, but their tribe, thus fostered, is increasing.

Dr. Munger was the first to undertake a discriminating delimitation of what he found popularly termed the New Theology. He drew its lines with definiteness as a movement "to link the truth of the past with the truth of the present in the interest of the Christian faith." It is significant that the volume which this essay introduces contains a discourse on "Land Tenure." Here the humanistic and social character of Dr. Munger's theology shines out in utterances rare then in the pulpit, but frequent now, as the evil tendencies in our social system which he criticised nearly thirty years ago have become so pronounced as to call for the curb which he predicted.

As a constructive thinker Dr. Munger pursued the inductive method, which alone arrives at reality. Hence he preferred to turn from the great creed-makers to the great poets and dramatists, as seers whose wider range of vision includes all phases of experience, penetrates the deeps of life, and prophesies the harmony that shall submerge the discords of the world. The remarkable discourse on "Music as Revelation," which concludes the volume of his "Appeal to Life," reveals the fine æsthetic sense which imparted its needful element of power to all of Munger's work.

At the age of fifty-five he was called to a station which experience and culture had eminently qualified him to fill with power. In his New Haven church he became practically a preacher to the University. Young men and he were mutually attracted. His earliest volumes, "Lamps and Paths" and "On the Threshold," had been written for young men—"hints suitable to the times, and pointing out paths that are just now somewhat obscured." A Yale professor advised his students to listen to Dr. Munger if they wished to cultivate a good style. His sermons were not only spiritually quickening, but they were distinctively good literature, the natural product of a finely tempered æsthetic sense. The matter, not the manner of statement, was what he was intent on, as the preacher of the gospel of a humanity regenerated and divinized by the Spirit that wrought and taught in Jesus Christ. Religion was for him no by-product of life, but its ruling spirit, animating all specific activities, whether in missionary service or in municipal government.

Nine years ago, on retiring from nearly half a century of pastoral labors, he wrote to a friend, "I am happy and dead tired." For a few years longer he served as a member of the Yale Corporation, in which, since 1887, he had been efficient for progress toward the university ideal. A brief period of seclusion from all activity followed, till, in his eightieth year, as he sat in his study chair facing the sun-setting of.

a bright day, he closed his eyes and silently passed into larger life.

THE LAYMEN'S MISSIONARY MOVEMENT

The limited interest of the Christian Church in foreign missions has been the surprise and the lament of earnest disciples of the Christ. Only a fraction of the Christian churches make any contribution to foreign missions.[1] Of the members of these contributing churches only a small proportion contribute anything beyond a chance coin dropped in the plate on missionary Sunday. And of this fraction of the membership in a fraction of the churches only a fraction are inspired by a real missionary motive; the rest are either only formally interested, as for the honor and standing of their church, or are animated by a zeal for ecclesiastical or sectarian propaganda. Dr. Brown, of the Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions, told at the Haystack Meeting at Williamstown a few years ago the story of a Hindu whom he met in India who knew just enough English to say to him, "I am a Scotch Presbyterian." The great majority of laymen have had no interest in turning an East Indian into a Scotch Presbyterian or a New England Congregationalist. Nor have the frantic appeals to them to "rescue the perishing" been more effective. The doctrine that all the pagans who never heard of Christ have perished miserably and are still perishing, with arithmetical calculations of the rate of mortality and the cost of recovery, have fallen on apathetic ears. The laymen were by no means sure of either the death or the remedy; they doubted the tragic theory of soul destruction, and not less the affirmation that the imposition of an ecclesiastical or theological dogma on a foreign people would serve as a panacea.

There has been in recent years a development of a new missionary spirit; of this development the Laymen's Missionary Movement is partly a cause, partly an effect. If it proceeds as it has begun, no one can estimate what its ultimate effect may be, both in the foreign field and in churches at home.

The new missionary spirit, of which the Laymen's Movement, reported on another page, is one manifestation, has two distinctive characteristics. It differs from the old both in the result which it seeks and in the motive which inspires it.

The new missionary movement is not a movement to rescue the perishing. It is not founded on any grim doctrine of an endless hell for the unreclaimed heathen—a doctrine which is as repugnant to Scripture as it is to sound philosophy and humane sentiment. Jesus Christ declared in his first reported sermon the object for which he came into the world:

The Spirit of the Lord is upon me,
Because he anointed me to preach good tidings to the poor;
He hath sent me to proclaim release to the captives,
And recovering sight to the blind,
To set at liberty them that are bound,
To proclaim the acceptable year of the Lord.

And after his resurrection he transferred this commission to his disciples: "As the Father hath sent me," he said, "even so send I you."

This—not to rescue few or many from an eternal hell—is the purpose of the new missionary spirit. It is accordingly organizing schools, initiating industries, organizing hospitals, getting the ear of statesmen. A few years ago one of the visiting Chinese Commissioners at a public dinner in New York City told his hearers that China was waking up, and that it was the voice of Christian missions which had awakened her. That the New Turkey was made possible by the years of Christian missions and Christian education which preceded it is recognized alike by the friends and foes of constitutional government in that land. Japan openly and gladly acknowledges her indebtedness to Christian missions for the impulse to life which Christianity has brought to her. To give glad tidings to the poor, to destroy slavery and emancipate labor, to establish hospitals and asylums, to substitute scientific medicine for charms and incantations, to put an end to child marriage and widow burning in India and torture of criminals in China, to plant in foreign lands the seeds of a present civilization, a real liberty, and a humane social order—this appeals to laymen who were not appealed to by the fear of future torment either for themselves or others.

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[1] It has been estimated that only about one-quarter of the entire number contribute.

Nor is this a mere philanthropic and charitable movement; it is profoundly spiritual. It is founded on the belief that a religion of faith and hope and love is the secret of civilization and the hope of humanity; but also on the belief that this is something very different from a creed or a ritual. The Apostolic missionary movement was not merely a new philanthropy, but neither was it merely a new ecclesiasticism. It was a new life. The new life passed over into Greece, and gave birth to a Greek Church, which was quite different in its forms both of thought and of church order and organization from that of Jerusalem. It passed from Greece into Rome, and gave birth to a Latin Church, which was different from either the Jewish or the Greek; from Rome into England, and gave birth to an Anglican Church, different from either Jewish, Greek, or Latin; from England to America, and gave birth to an American Church, different from any that had preceded it. There is no reason why the same life should not give birth to a Japanese, a Chinese, an Indian, and an African Church as different from the Western Churches as they are from each other. To give to other lands the faith in a God of love, and the love for God and his children and the hope for humanity here and hereafter which are born of faith and love, is the object of the new missionary movement.

It is, therefore, inspired by a new motive. When, some twenty years ago, protests long and deep began to be heard against the policy in the American Board which excluded from the foreign service all missionaries who did not believe in the eternal damnation of all pagans who had not heard of Christ, it was affirmed that the larger hope would "cut the nerve of missions." What it did cut was the bands which so bound the Christian Church that all its missionary efforts had been paralyzed. Hope has proved a far more inspiring motive to missionary activity than despair; and the "larger hope" has incited, beyond the expectations of those who entertained it, to a larger missionary enthusiasm. The missionary no longer goes to pagan audiences to tell them that their religion is a damnable error, and that for entertaining it their ancestry have been damned; but, in the spirit of Paul, to tell them that their religion is a seeking after God, and that what they are seeking for Christ has come to bring to them. The value of such a message can be understood alike by pagans abroad and Christians at home. And the rapid development of foreign missions abroad and the growing development of the missionary spirit at home form an earnest of what may be hoped, not only from the Laymen's Missionary Movement, but from the spirit which animates it.

EMERSON AT COLLEGE

Dr. William H. Furness, who was one of Emerson's oldest and one of his lifelong friends, said of him that from his earliest childhood he had lived and moved and had his being in an atmosphere of letters, quite apart by himself, and that he could not remember when Emerson was not literary in his pursuits. From the very start books were bread and meat to him. He turned to them as most boys turn to out-of-door games and sports. A student of nature in every sense of the phrase and an out-of-door man in his habit of life and by observation, Emerson never seemed to need exercise and never spent any time on games of the usual sort. It would have been better perhaps if his childhood and boyhood had been passed under circumstances less austere. There was every sort of kindliness and every possible sort of high-mindedness in the atmosphere of his father's home and of his family living; but conditions were narrow and life was to a certain extent narrow. One would like to think of Emerson as growing up with an abundant diet, freedom from care, and appetite for games. But, in spite of a certain weakness of constitution of which he often speaks, due perhaps to the enforced self-denials of his boyhood and youth, Emerson was the very embodiment of health. There was something indeed angelic about the radiance of his smile, the serenity of his spirit, and the perfect courtesy of his manner. When the list of American gentlemen—men, that is, who have combined the highest charm of manner with the highest quality of character—is made, Emerson will hold a notable place with Curtis and Lee and other men who have made life not only noble but beautiful. The literary habit, which seemed to be part of Emerson's inheritance, and the lack of external stimuli, developed early the habit of writing, and a boy who writes is fairly certain to keep a journal. Emerson began his "Blotting-Book," as he called it, very early in his career. The first which survives, which was marked No. 17, was begun early in the year 1820, when Emerson was a junior in Harvard College and lived in a very plain little room, with bare floor, uncurtained windows, and Spartan furniture, in Hollis Hall. His chum was a youth from Charleston, at a time when the Southern students in college were the reigning men of elegance, the beaux and dandies of the day, wearing swallowtail coats that tapered to a very narrow point and delicate calfskin boots. At the age of sixteen Emerson was recording his opinion that the ritual of India worshiped God by outraging nature, and then went on to characterize the work and mind of Socrates, showing already keen philosophical insight and the promise of commanding a style touched with real eloquence. He was of opinion that in Athens learning was not loved for its own sake, but for selfish ends as a salable commodity, the Sophists bargaining their literature and exacting the utmost price from their disciples; and then he makes a statement which will be a surprise to a great many people: "In a money-making community literature will soon thrive. It must always follow, not precede, successful trade." Thus early did Emerson show the courage which distinguished him all his life in his dealing with the tremendous masses of raw material in this country and with the gigantic practical forces which were already liberated here. It is a sign of Emerson's greatness that he did not quail before conditions which men of less imagination and insight regarded and have continued to regard as fatal to intellectual and artistic development. Emerson, looking more deeply and seeing more clearly, rested confidently in the fact that the same energy which goes into material progress will eventually find expression in the higher sphere of the spirit; that wealth and power are tremendous instruments for the advancement of the higher life of the world. His whole attitude toward modern materialism is defined in a single phrase, which ought to be a key and an inspiration to young Americans: "It came to them business; it left them poetry."

It is interesting to note how early in the life of this boy of genius the characteristic lines of his thinking defined themselves. In a paragraph is his doctrine of self-reliance, independence, and individual inspiration:

> Let us suppose a pulpit Orator to whom the path of his profession is yet untried, but whose talents are good and feelings strong, and his independence, as a man, in opinion and action is established; let him ascend the pulpit for the first time, not to please or displease the multitude, but to expound to them the words of the book and to waft their minds and devotions to heaven. Let him come to them in solemnity and strength, and when he speaks to them he will claim attention with an interesting figure and an interested face. To expand their views of the sublime doctrines of the religion, he may embrace the universe and bring down the stars from their courses to do homage to their Creator. Here is a fountain which cannot fail them. Wise Christian orators have often and profitably magnified the inconceivable power of the Creator as manifested in his works, and thus elevated and sobered the mind of the people, and gradually drawn them off from the world they have left by the animating ideas of Majesty, Beauty, Wonder, which these considerations bestow. Then when life and its frivolities is fastly flowing away from before them, and the spirit is absorbed in the play of its mightiest energies, and their eyes are on him, and their hearts are in heaven, then let him discharge his fearful duty, then let him unfold the stupendous designs of celestial wisdom, and whilst admiration is speechless, let him minister to their unearthly wants, and let the ambassador of the Most High prove himself worthy of his tremendous vocation.

The first volume of the Journals, containing the records from 1820–24, is a very important contribution to our knowledge of American college life. Nothing could bring out more strikingly the change in the interests of young men than a comparison of the books that were read at Harvard in Emerson's time and the subjects that were discussed and the books and subjects with which the students of to-day are dealing. Here is one of the questions for discussion by the Pythologian Society of Emerson's time: "Whether it be beneficial to the students to spend much time in the acquisition of polite accomplishment." This is as old-fashioned as "Cranford," and brings with it the atmosphere of "Pride and Prejudice" or of "Sense and Sensibility." There was, however, a good deal of human nature left even in the serious classmates of Emerson, for it is recorded on May 1, 1821, that "liberal provision had been made for social conviviality, to which two bottles of wine, handed over by brother Emerson, not a little contributed, and for which by a public vote the society bestowed their warmest thanks to brother Emerson." A distinguished man of letters who recently died used to say that Emerson's extreme performance as a man of the world on a festive evening was to bring out half a bottle of sherry and pour out a glass for his visitor. The frugal New England habit was very different from the opulent English habit as regards the use of wine; for Sir Henry Irving used to delight to describe his first meeting with Tennyson, when they fell at once into a deeply interesting talk on the drama, which was continued in Tennyson's room after the guests had dispersed at the close of the evening. A bottle of port wine was brought. Tennyson poured out one glass for his guest, and then, lighting his pipe, slowly and unconsciously drank all the rest of the bottle, remarking to Irving, when he bade him good-night, that he was glad to meet a man who was as fond of port as he was!

In the autumn of 1820 the journalist, then seventeen years of age, defines the aim of his new commonplace book as "the small utility of being the exchequer to the accumulating store of organized verbs, nouns, and substantives, to wit, sentences," which shows, perhaps, a momentary absence of humor or a momentary mood of awkwardness in expression. Emerson was then reading Mather's "Magnalia," Froissart, Swift, "The Life of Milton," "Télémaque," "Guy Mannering," "The Lady of the Lake," Chaucer, Montaigne, Smith's "Virginia," and Shakespeare; and he was discussing such topics as "The domestic relations as restraints on an adventurous spirit," "Influence of weather on intellectual temperament." He was quoting freely from Pythagoras, Bacon, Barrow, Hobbes, and a multitude of other very serious people, with occasional relaxation in the form of fiction reading. The boy Emerson was already meditating on the themes which the man Emerson was to illuminate with such beauty of phrase and freedom of statement. Here, for instance, is his word about Greatness, which already predicts his mature thought:

> Every man who enumerates the catalogue of his acquaintance is privately conscious, however reluctant to confess the inferiority, of a certain number of minds which do outrun and command his own, in whose company, despite the laws of good breeding and the fences of affectation, his own spirit bows like the brothers' sheaves to Joseph's sheaf. He remembers the soothsayer's faithful account of Antony's guardian genius which among other men was high and unmatchable, but quailed before Cæsar's. He remembers also other some of his companions, over whom his own spirit exercises the same mastery. And let no man complain of the inequality of such an ordination, or call Fortune partial in the distribution of her blessings.

Concerning moral sense, in the definition of which he was to be so clear and decisive, even when at times the definiteness practically failed to harmonize with his philosophical view, he had already, though a boy, formulated his steadfast and immovable convictions:

> There is one distinction amid these fading phenomena—one decided distinction which is real and eternal and which will survive nature—I mean the distinction of Right and Wrong. Your opinions upon all other topics, and your feelings with regard to this world, in childhood, youth, and age, perpetually change. Your perceptions of right and wrong never change. You can dismiss the world from your mind, and almost abolish in your imagination the dominion of sense; but you can never bury in your breast the sense of offended Justice.

A single passage more from two volumes which one would like to quote almost in their entirety brings before the mind one of the themes which was constantly in his thought, which he presented many times in his later work, and which held a foremost place in his interpretation of man's nature and function:

> Profound knowledge is good, but profound genius is better, because, though one obtains with greater ease all the thoughts of all wise men, which the other obtains slowly

by adding, himself, conclusion to conclusion, yet in the end, when both have arrived at the same amount of knowledge, the latter is much the richest.

Dr. Edward Emerson, who is editing his father's Journals,[1] prefaces them by a valuable introduction, which is a chapter in the biography of Emerson's mind and character. The Journals, which Emerson began to keep in 1820, were not finally put aside until the illness of 1872, when they came to an end, as did his original work. The two volumes which have appeared indicate that these journals will form a contribution to American literary history, and, above all, to the biography of Emerson, of the very highest importance.

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THE SPECTATOR

Until recently the Spectator had believed that he could never be content to travel on a rough road. In this point experience has now given him fresh proof that the universal negative so common in rash use belongs to the class of things in unstable equilibrium, liable to explode suddenly, dynamite-wise. The Spectator, taking his constitutional one day on a smooth highway deep with dust, encountered a private locomotive making fast time, attended by an asphyxiating cloud of fine grit in combination with nasty carbonic vapors, for which the roadside bushes formed a sort of death-valley inclosure. Dodging the head of this comet, but caught in its tail, it required a pearl-diver's gift of suspended respiration to escape into the vital air. The Spectator hereupon debited an intolerable nuisance to the account of good roads as at present found in rural districts.

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The credit account to rough roads came to light soon after. The Spectator had to drive over the hills to visit some ancient colonial graves. With a spry nag in rein, small leisure had he, except in sandy hollows between steep ups and downs or on smooth stretches over meadows, to feast his eye upon the landscape. Protuberant ledges, or the summits of boulders big and little uncovered by eroding rains, required a quick pull to starboard or port that recalled to the Spectator his experience many years before while shooting the rapids of the upper Penobscot in a birch-bark canoe. It reminded him of a sort of jolting-machine recently contrived by a health purveyor for use in one's domicile as a substitute for active exercise out of doors. Thus good for digestive effects, the rough road has the further merit of closure against the private locomotive. Its drivers seem to scent terrors therein. In a thirty-mile drive not one loomed up.

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Rough roads on cross-country routes are excusable. In one town of northern Connecticut there are 160 miles of roads for a population of about 2,200. The expensiveness of equal care for them all seems fair reason for the neglect of some. But sundry farmers admitted to the Spectator that what they saved on road repairs, and perhaps more, was probably lost in wear and tear of vehicles, harness, and beasts. So they are not much unlike city folk who prefer endurance of more serious wastes and burdens to expenditure for abating them. For the hill towns there is better justification in the fact that, while their roads remain, the population taxable for their repair is in many cases dwindling. Some of these towns the Spectator found with but a half or only a third of their highest census figures in the last century. But here one touches the margin of a problem too grave for a leisure moment inviting lighter thoughts, for which the Spectator will take to the railway.

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The "Consolidated" road (*e pluribus unum*) gridirons Connecticut with its rails, and also, men say, with ties less visible but equally strong. It is generous to the Legislature with free passes, convenient especially to rural townsmen who find it economical to breakfast, sup, and sleep at home. For such its express trains considerately stop elsewhere than advertised in its time-table. Outward bound one day from his summer lodging in a place thus favored, the Spectator inquired of the ticket-seller if the express train most convenient for his return could be depended on to stop there. "It depends," said that functionary, "on whether Senator —— is aboard." On this chance the Spectator took the express. But long before reaching the city where the legislators all get on and off a conductor got on who seemed to take a shrewd look at the Spectator with a big book in hand, as he reflected on the unwarranted ticket shown him. Instead of saying, "Change to local train at ——," he said, "I guess we will let you off to-night." It was, however, one of the regular non-legislative days, and Senator —— was not aboard, and not expected to be. But the express obligingly held up, and let the Spectator off, the happy recipient, for the first time in his life, of Senatorial courtesy.

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[1] The Journals of Ralph Waldo Emerson. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. $1.75.

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That kind conductor could not have guessed what secret satisfaction the Spectator experienced in thus balancing accounts with Mrs. Spectator after the lapse of many years. She had actually once held up a United States mail train for buckwheat cakes. Bound toward Canada half a century ago, the train had stopped for supper at a shanty in the White Mountains. Buckwheat cakes and fresh maple syrup were too delicious to get one's fill of quickly. Just as a third, or perhaps only a second, savory portion was placed before Mrs. Spectator the train bell rang, and the passengers hastily rose to pay their scot and get aboard—all but she. Her momentary lingering was more blessed than that of Lot's wife. The conductor had sat next her, and, as he rose with the passengers, had heard her sigh, "Must I leave these delicious cakes?" "Madam," said he, "eat them at your leisure; the train will wait till you have finished." This is no myth; the Spectator was there, and attests its historicity. The skeptic will admit that long ago, when railways were new and travel light, the term "accommodation train" had a breadth of meaning now unknown.

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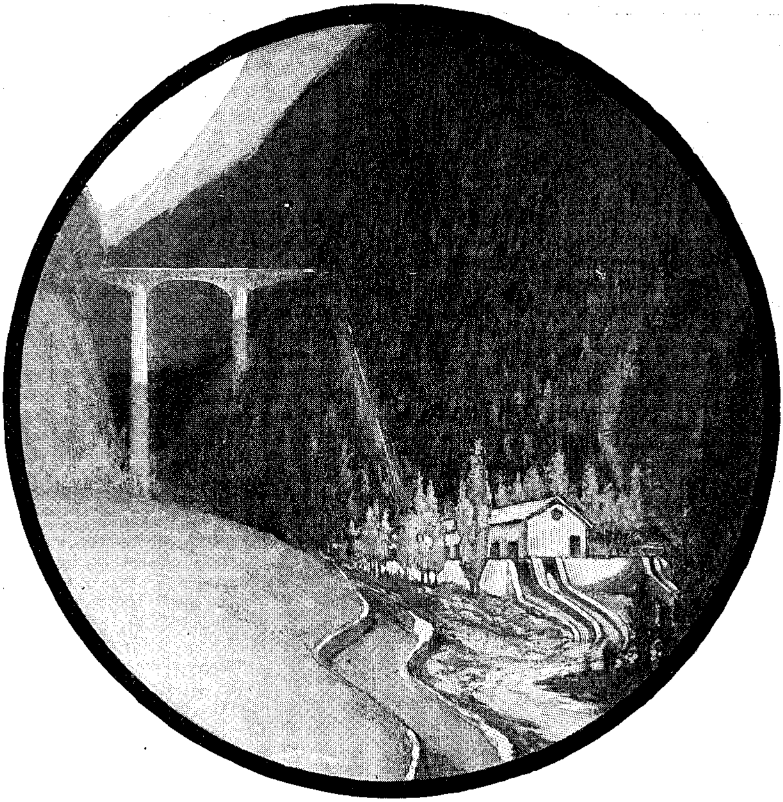
The ancient burial-grounds where the first settlers of New England were laid to rest possess no small interest for the thoughtful or the curious visitor. In more than one of the old hill towns the Spectator was pleased at finding among the weather-beaten stones some on which the great-great-grandchildren of those whose dust lies beneath had expended the pious care with which Scott's "Old Mortality" recut the fading memorials of the martyred Covenanters. The art of our colonial and even post-colonial period might by its rudeness suggest even greater antiquity than the dates on the stones. A favorite form of embellishment caps the flat top of a slab of slate with a curved protuberance like the apse of a Roman basilica, in which a crudely carved face appears with a background ambiguously suggesting either wings or clouds—apparently a symbol either of the spirit soaring skyward or of the angel of the resurrection. One stone of less æsthetic type the Spectator found, which even in thrifty Connecticut is probably unique—once a roadside guide to travelers, now recording a mortal's last journey. But, disastrously for the reverence due to the resting-place of the dead, the cost of effacing the record of its unconsecrated function had been spared, as likely to be concealed by burial in the friendly earth when the stone was turned upside down. Alas that the unsteadfast earth should now give up the long dead secret of good Deacon ——, deceased in 1788, to the passer-by who reads his last testimony to the end:

Blessed are y^{e} dead
That dieth in y^{e} Lord.
There Works do Follow
With a Suer Reward.
Memento Mori.

Take the Left
Road to Worcester



CENTRAL POWER STATION OF THE ZERMATT AND GORNERGRAT ELECTRIC RAILWAY

The White Coal of Switzerland[1]

The Second of Five Articles on Industrial Democracy in Europe

By Frederic C. Howe

With Drawings by Leon V. Solon

THE little democracy of Switzerland is planning to run the State by the law of gravitation. It is preparing to place a boycott on coal and to operate its railways and its industries, to light its streets, highways, and homes, by the conversion of the boundless water power of the country into electric current. While the rest of Europe is absorbed in thoughts of armaments and of Dreadnoughts, of colonial expansion and of world markets, Switzerland, with an instinct that is quite as unanimous and an intelligence that is the equal of any in the world, is planning to subjugate nature to the service of the people. The rains from heaven and the glaciers of the mountainsides are to be converted into light, heat, and power.

Switzerland has no coal of its own. The country is dependent upon Germany for its fuel. But Switzerland is the birthplace of the Rhine and the Rhône, the Inn and the Reuss. The country is intersected with innumerable smaller streams which converge into lakes and waterfalls. The streams have a relatively heavy fall and are not very deep. For many years they have been used as a source of water or electric power by the private companies of the country, by the cantons, and by the cities.

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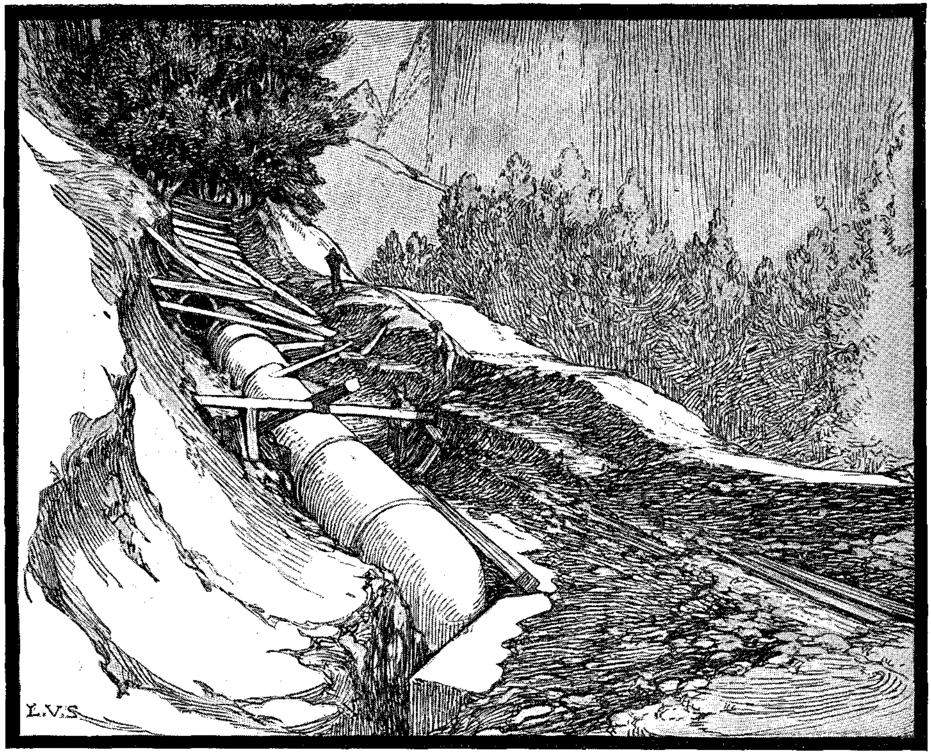
[1] An introductory article, "The Peaceful Revolution," will be found in last week's Outlook.—THE EDITORS.



LAYING A SUPPLY CONDUIT FOR POWER TO DRIVE THE JUNGFRAU RAILWAY

THE WHITE COAL—A PUBLIC, NOT A PRIVATE, MONOPOLY

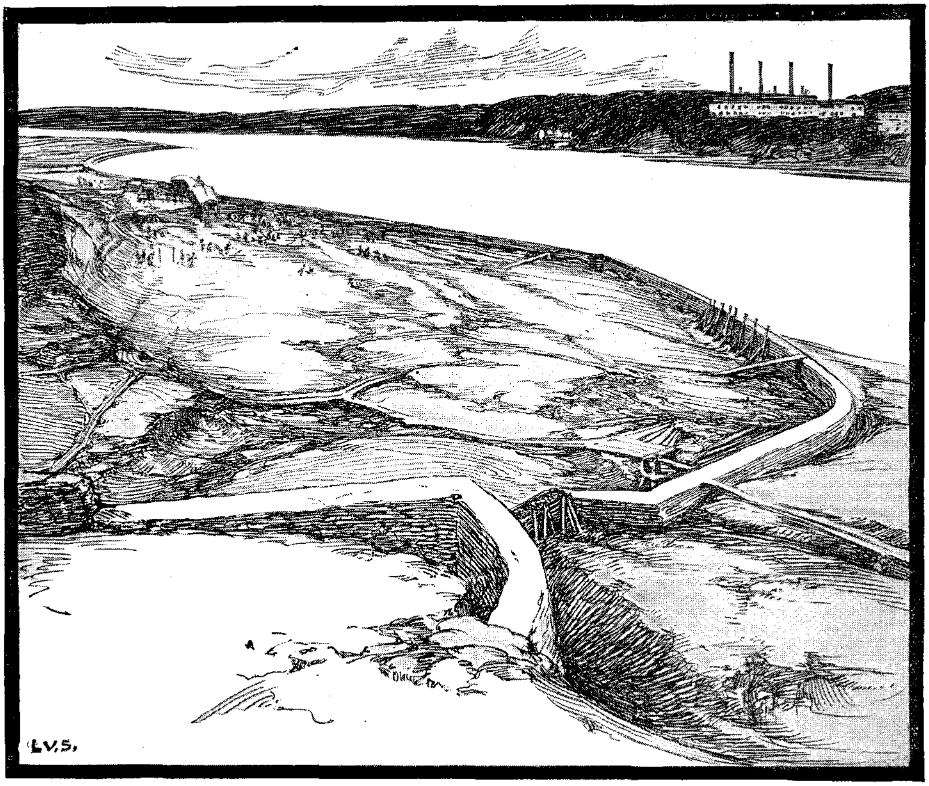
The "white coal" of Switzerland is not being exploited by private capital for private gain, as is the case with Niagara, the Susquehanna, and the mountain streams of the Rockies and the Pacific slope. It is being developed by the State for all of the people. That is the great difference between the Swiss democracy and our own. Privilege has but little standing in Switzerland, less standing than anywhere else in the world. Big business men do not control the politics of the country for the sake of business. They do not make the tariff laws, the taxing laws, or the franchise regulations. Nor do they own the railways and the public service corporations. These enterprises are a part of the State and serve the people, just as do the army and the public schools. Here the rights of property seem to be subordinate to the rights of humanity. Property is compelled to serve instead of being permitted to rule.

Switzerland, too, is a country in which the nation seems to be first in the minds of the people. Not as it is in Germany and in England, where the army and the navy attract the best talent to their service, but in a far different sense. Not only men but the things men own are at the call of Switzerland. It is this that really distinguishes the democracy of these people from the democracy of other lands. The State is paramount, and men cooperate in its service whether in office or out of it; in time of peace with the same honesty and devotion that they do in time of war. And they serve for comparatively little pay and relatively little distinction. Their deeds go unrecorded and in a large measure unrecognized by the public which they serve.

HOW THE SWISS PEOPLE SECURED AND PRESERVE DEMOCRACY

Switzerland is a democracy in the fullest sense of the word. Stranger still, all classes seem to believe in democracy, in the right as well as in the capacity of the people to rule. When the present Constitution was adopted, in 1848, which provides for a federal form of government something like our own, the people created a pure democracy. They knew the dangers of representative institutions; knew how easy it was for men to serve their own interests rather than those of the public. So they provided a simple expedient by means of which they themselves could always control the Government as well as review the actions of their agents in the legislature. They appreciated that new conditions might arise, that the Government might fall into the hands of a class which would not want the Constitution altered. So they provided a means by which the people could change the Constitution. Not by waiting for Congress to call a convention to draft a new instrument, but by merely filing a petition signed by a certain number of electors asking that an amendment, set forth in the petition, should be voted on at the next election. If a majority of the persons voting on the amendment favored it, then it became a part of the Constitution. They also provided that the people could propose and enact legislation by proposing a bill and voting upon it themselves directly in the same way. This they called an Initiative. Then they added the Referendum, by means of which laws passed by the Legislative Assembly could be referred to the people when a certain number petitioned for it. Thus the agents of the State always remain agents. The people are not put to the empty alternative of defeating at the polls a man who has betrayed them. They defeat the law which he has tried to enact, before it becomes operative.

It is the Initiative and the Referendum that has made Switzerland a democracy. It is this that has elevated the State above the party. Officials retain their power for good, but have lost their power for evil. For the people of Switzerland are sovereign, and they value their sovereignty much as a King values his prerogatives. And well they may, for direct legislation has destroyed monopoly. By



UTILIZATION OF THE POWER OF THE RHINE AT RHEINFELDEN

The falls at Schauffhausen having been spared for æsthetic reasons, the power generated below the falls is used at this point

VIEW ON RAILWAY FROM ZERMATT TO GORNERGRAT

reason of it the boss has disappeared. He has disappeared because his business of bartering in legislation has been taken from him. There is no bribery and there is no corruption. For men will not buy that which cannot be delivered. The people are the final arbiters in all legislation, and they put the veto on any legislation about which there is the slightest suspicion of graft.

But these are not the chief gains which have come through direct legislation. The man on the street may not be able to tell you the name of the President of the Republic, but he knows a great deal about the laws of the country. He has helped to make them, and every measure that is submitted to the people is thoroughly threshed out before a vote is taken upon it. It was by means of an initiative petition that the people took over the steam railways in 1901. Several previous attempts had been made to do so, but they had been voted down. The people were not yet ready for the experiment. Switzerland also operates the telegraph, the telephone, and the express business. The manufacture of alcohol is a State monopoly, as is gunpowder, while the cantons have gone into or regulate the banking and the insurance business. By means of direct legislation the sale of absinthe was recently abolished. It had become a menace to the State, so the people put an end to it. It is by means of these tools that Switzerland has become in effect a government of the people, for the people, and by the people.

Now America is copying the simple device. Already Oregon, Maine, Missouri, Oklahoma, the two Dakotas, and other Western States have made direct legislation a part of their constitutional law and are learning how to govern themselves and protect their interests by this means.

HOW THE PRIVATE WATER FRANCHISES ARE LIMITED

It is commonly assumed that democracy is incapable of sustained or accurate thought, and that only through government by experts can the intricate problems of organized society be worked out. But it is through democracy, and not through experts, that Switzerland has achieved its great reforms. It was by means of direct legislation that the water power of the country was placed under federal control. Up to 1908 the cantons, which correspond roughly to our States, made such grants and regulations as they chose. Concessions were made to the cities, to the townships, to co-operative associations, to private companies, or the power was developed by the cantons themselves. There was a conflict of jurisdiction, a great waste in investment, and an inadequate development of the power. In these grants by the cantons, however, the public rights were carefully guarded. In many instances the cities or the cantons subscribed for stock in the private companies and converted them into virtual public undertakings. There are no grants in perpetuity to the first comer on the plea that it is a good thing to have the power developed, as has been the case with the franchise grants of our cities and the water power of the West. The laws of the canton of Berne, for instance, state that all concessions are public, and must not be injurious to the public welfare or in any way disfigure the natural beauty of the country; that in all applications for use the public authorities must be given the preference, and that any grants made to private companies are subject to the right of purchase by the community. In addition the companies have to pay handsomely for the privileges which they enjoy. The tax upon the right to use the water ranges from 60 cents to $1.60 per horse-power authorized in the grant, while the company is required to pay a tax of from 20 to 60 cents for each horse-power generated for sale. These taxes are in addition to the regular taxes paid by other property to the canton and the local authorities.

THE TRANSFER OF WATER RIGHTS TO THE FEDERAL GOVERNMENT

Ever since 1891 there has been an agitation for the transfer of the control of the water rights from the cantons to the Federal Government. But nothing came of the agitation, as the jealousy of the cantons prevented the adoption of an amendment to the Constitution. In 1901, however, the Federal Government took over the railways. Since that time there has been a great development in the use of the power, and the movement has gained headway for the electric equipment of the railways. In 1907 a petition was circulated offering an amendment to the Constitution transferring control of the water power to the Federal Government. It obtained 95,000 names, or 45,000 more than was necessary to submit the amendment to the people. Moved by this showing of interest, the Federal Council itself drafted an amendment which was satisfactory to the petitioners. It was referred to popular vote in October, 1908, and was overwhelmingly adopted.

Following the adoption of the amendment commissioners were appointed for the study of the engineering and financial problems involved as well as for the drafting of laws for carrying the amendment into effect. The work of the commissioners is well under way. The programme which is suggested is a most comprehensive one. It involves the erection of great central generating stations upon the leading rivers, which will generate power in bulk for use by the cantons, cities, and villages. This power will be used by the Government for the electric equipment of the steam railways, which require about 250,000 horse-power. By this change it is estimated that the cost of operating the railways will be reduced by one-third. The commission has estimated the water of the country available for immediate use at one million horse-power, while twice that amount can be developed by the construction of canals and storage reservoirs. The electric-hydraulic power generated in 1903 amounted to 206,800 horse-power, and this, together with the power required by the railways, would consume only about one-half of that which is already available. So that a wide margin exists for future development.

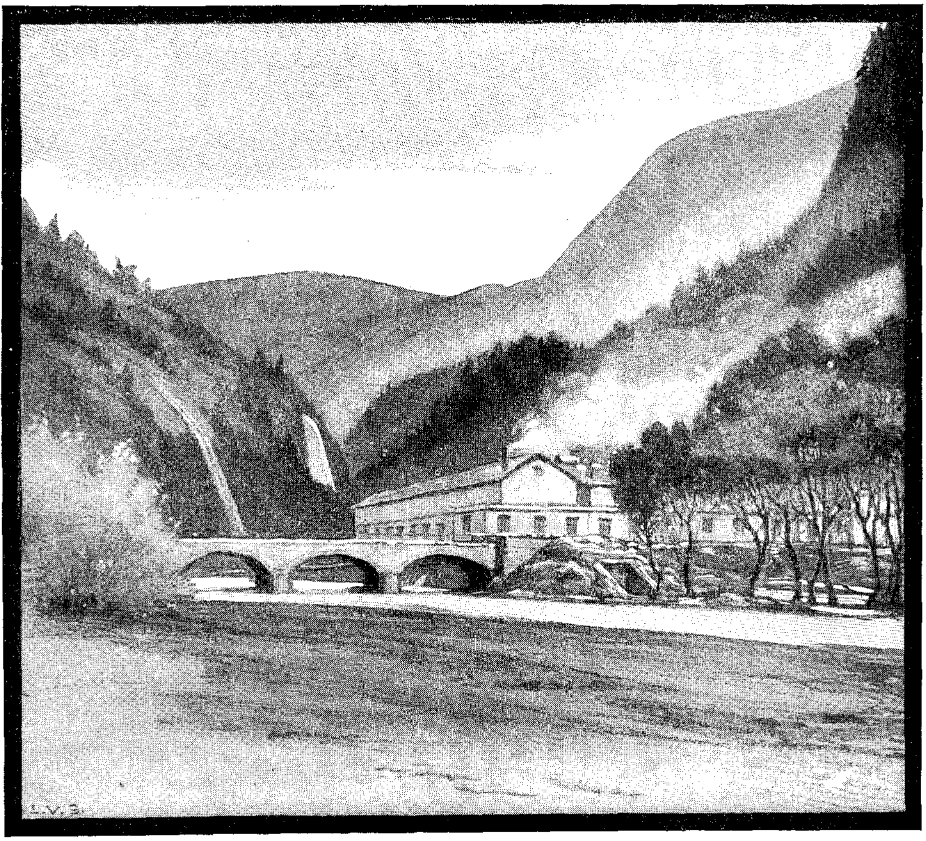
Out from these central generating plants high tension cables will carry the current to every section of the country. It will be sold in bulk to the cantons, cities, and local communities, as well as to private companies, which will build their own distributing systems and carry the current to the local consumer.

EXTENT OF WATER POWER DEVELOPMENT

There is little that is experimental in all this. Switzerland has been utilizing the "white coal" of the mountain-sides for over twenty years. Over $49,000,000 has been invested in hydraulic undertakings. Fully seventy per cent of the power generated is already owned by public authorities or is under public control through the ownership of stock in the private companies. There are at least six large cantonal plants and many big city installations. The city of Zurich is erecting a plant on the River Albula ninety miles distant from the city, which, when completed, will have a capacity of 24,000 horse-power and be capable of being greatly enlarged. The city and the canton of Basel, which are identical in territorial jurisdiction, are erecting a plant on the River Rhine, while the cantons of Berne and Schwyz are building great artificial lakes, one of them alone being adequate for 60,000 horse-power. Practically all of the engineering difficulties have been overcome. From these plants the current is carried without loss for a hundred miles, while in Italy it is distributed five or six hundred miles to users.

In the year 1903 there were 869 different plants using power generated by water. These plants ranged all the way from the miniature installations with a few horse-power up to the huge plants of the cantons and the cities with a capacity of twenty or thirty thousand horse-power. Of these, 350 furnished light alone, 96 furnished power alone, 230 furnished light and power, and 32 supplied street railways. Practically all of the street railway and the great bulk of the industrial energy now comes from water power. In the year 1903 fully ninety-five per cent of the electrical power of the country was generated by water.

The use of electricity is likely to become almost as universal in the country as it is in the cities, as both the



TYPICAL SWISS HYDRO-ELECTRIC GENERATING STATION cantons and the villages have co-operated to stimulate its use and cheapen its cost so that it will be available for even the poorest. That is one of the anomalous things about Switzerland. The leader of the movement which led to the adoption of the amendment to the Constitution, Dr. Oscar Wettstein, editor of the Zurich "Post," and one of the members of the Federal Commission for the study of the question, said to me, "The State must so distribute the power that every citizen shall have his share." It is not industry, it is not the electrical equipment of the railways, it is not the cheapening of the cost of operating the street railways which the cities own, that is paramount; the motive of the movement is to relieve the lives and the daily toil of the poorest and most obscure peasant of the countryside.

This is not a dream. It is already being done. It is but indicative of the seriousness with which these people view democracy and its obligations to the people. The public authorities have already carried electric power into the most obscure villages, to the cottage and the barn of the poorest peasant farmer. Over ninety per cent of the townships have light and power at their doors, and more than two-thirds of the people have them available for their use. Not only are the cities lighted by electric power, but the smallest villages and country districts as well. In some cantons the country roads are lighted for miles and miles. In time all of Switzerland will be illuminated by means of the water power of the mountain-sides, which has always been a source of beauty, but which now has become the greatest single asset of the country. But the Swiss are not content with operating their State-owned railways and city-owned street railways, with the lighting of the city and even the country districts with water power, they are not content with abolishing the steam boiler and the substitution of electricity for coal; they are planning to serve the poorest peasant as well. Switzerland is a country where domestic industry still survives. The cantons of Zurich and Basel are centers of the silk and silk ribbon industry. In the country districts the loom is to be found in almost every home. Lace, embroidery, and watch-making are still to a large extent home industries. The looms and the machines are operated by hand. For manual labor the electric motor is being substituted. A similar development, although not so rapid, is taking place on the farm. Grain is being threshed, milk is being churned to butter, water is being pumped, food for the cattle is being prepared, and the farmer is being relieved of his most arduous labor. There are no limits to the uses to which electric power may be applied save the amount of power which may be generated and the cheapness with which it may be transmitted.

THE SAVING TO BE EFFECTED

The saving which will follow the development of electric power by the State will be tremendous. The cost of water power installation runs from $60 to $200 per horse-power, depending upon the size of the plant and difficulties of installation. The average cost is about $120. Dr. R. de Diesbach, of Freiburg, has calculated the relative costs of steam, gas, petrol, and water electric power on a basis of a four horse-power motor, 3,000 working hours a year. The cost includes interest on investment, depreciation, amortization of the debt, and actual operating cost. The comparison of construction and operating cost is as follows:

CONSTRUCTION COST

Steam.	Gas.	Petrol.	Water Electric Power.
$657	$475	$465	$191

COST PER HORSE-POWER HOUR

Steam.	Gas.	Petrol.	Water Electric Power.
5.46 cents	3.99 cents	3.08 cents	1.59 cents

To state the matter in other forms: Dr. Oscar Wettstein, the editor of "Wasserkraft," a journal devoted to the subject of water power, estimated for me that electricity generated by water power costs from .0015 cent to .01 cent per kilowatt hour at the station, while electric power generated by steam from coal costs from 2 cents to 2.4 cents per kilowatt hour at the station. On this basis the generation of electricity from water power will cut down the light and fuel bills of the people from fifty to ninety-five per cent, and will place Switzerland at a tremendous advantage in the struggle for the markets of the world.

But the freeing of the country from

dependence upon the coal-fields of Germany, the reduction in the operating costs of the State-owned railways and the city-owned street railways, the placing of Switzerland in a position of industrial advantage, are not the greatest gains which are to follow. Possibly these are but the spectacular exhibits of what a country can do when it consciously aims to use its resources for the benefit of the people. These gains do not include the dreams which men have of the life and civilization which are to follow from this revolution in light, power, and possibly heat as well. They do not include the freedom from drudgery, the opportunity for culture and enlightenment, the brightening of farm life, of the woman as well as the man. Nor do they suggest the possibilities of a cheap rapid transportation, by means of which the farmer may become a city dweller and the clerk and the mechanic obtain a country home, and both remain in close contact with their work. For the problem of energy is the problem of civilization, and, with its costs reduced to a minimum, there are no limits to the visions which men may have of the society of to-morrow. Compare this achievement of Switzerland with the prodigal waste of the resources of America. Niagara has been abandoned to private exploitation without compensation to the State or the Nation, and with no idea of service to the people. Only profits have been fattened and monopoly made that much more secure. The Susquehanna, upper Mississippi, the mountain streams of Colorado, Wyoming, and the Middle West, as well as of the entire Pacific slope, have been inclosed with fraudulent claims or confirmed by grants in perpetuity to the electric power trust. There has been no reservation of control over prices, no right to purchase by the State, and no appreciable gain to the community. We, too, could boycott coal, and light the Nation and fire its boilers with the water power with which Nature has endowed us; but the sovereignty of the State and the well-being of the people have been abandoned at the behest of the powerful interests whose demands have been voiced in Congress and the legislatures of our States by those who were sent there to represent the community.

The third article in this series, " A Commonwealth Ruled by Farmers," will appear in the March Magazine Number of The Outlook

IN THE KAISER'S WORKROOM

A friend translates the following from a German newspaper for The Outlook:

In the workroom of the Kaiser are the following sentences, so arranged that he has them always before him when sitting at his desk:

Be strong in pain.

To wish for anything that is unattainable is worthless.

Be content with the day as it is; look for the good in everything.

Rejoice in nature and people, and take them as they are.

For a thousand bitter hours console yourself with one that is beautiful.

Give from your heart and mind always the best, even if you do not receive thanks. He who can learn and practice this is indeed a happy, free, and proud one; his life will always be beautiful. He who is mistrusting wrongs others and harms himself.

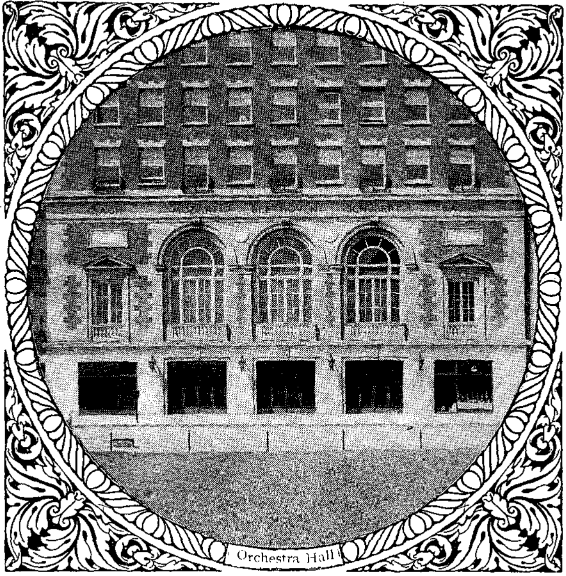
It is our duty to believe every one to be good as long as we have not the proof to the contrary; the world is so large and we ourselves so small that everything cannot revolve around us.

If something damages us, hurts us, who can tell if that is not necessary to the welfare of creation?

In everything of this world, whether dead or alive, lives the mighty wise will of the almighty and all-knowing Creator; we little people only lack the reason to comprehend it.

As everything is, so it has to be in this world, and, however it may be, should always seem good to the mind of the creature.

These sentences give one an insight into the thoughts of the Kaiser.


Orchestra Hall

The Theodore Thomas Orchestra

By C. Norman Fay

IN August, 1877, I was unexpectedly called to Chicago to protect business interests involved in a failure precipitated by the railway strike and riots of that year. I did not know, when I started, that I could even enter the town, and gentlemen from the country were supposed to take their lives in their hands in the mob-ridden streets of what had once been called the "Garden City."

I got there safely, however, and found as quiet a burg as ever seemed to drowse, and very hot. That evening, wandering out for a breath of air, I came upon the old Exposition Building down on the Lake Front, and from its open doors and windows floated, instead of shots and battle cries, the divinest music. Theodore Thomas was giving there his first Chicago season of summer-night concerts, and for the first time I heard a great orchestra.

I moved to Chicago that autumn, and he came again for summer-night concerts in 1880, and every year thereafter, except 1884, until 1891, when he brought his orchestra to Chicago for good—for exceeding great good—and played there until he died, in 1904. Literally, therefore, we Chicagoans summered and wintered with Theodore Thomas for five and twenty years, and we loved him well. His work and his spirit abide with us still; and, please God, they always shall.

I became personally acquainted with Mr. Thomas in 1881, and the acquaintance ripened into intimacy. One day in 1889 I met him on Fifth Avenue, and we turned into the old Delmonico's. He looked worn and worried, and I asked him why. There were reasons enough. There was mortal illness in his home; the American Opera Company, that short and melancholy chapter of good music and bad management, had swept away his savings; and, almost worst of all, he had been obliged to give up his own permanent orchestra. To use his own words, "I have had to stop engaging my men by the year, and now I play with scratch orchestras. In order to keep my old orchestra together I always had to travel constantly, winter and summer, the year round, and year after year. Now I am fifty-three, too old to stand the traveling. New York alone cannot support my orchestra, so it has had perforce to be disbanded. I do not mean that my *business* has gone; I can make money enough, it is not that. It is the standard! The only artistic work I am doing now is with the Philharmonic; but that is a voluntary association of musicians, whose members elect me director. They are my lifelong friends, and they, too, are growing old. Many of them can no longer do good work; but I cannot turn them out, even if I would. The standard of the Philharmonic, even, is falling. I know it now; in a year or two the critics will know it; then the public will know it, and that will be the end of Theodore Thomas."

For a moment, so bitter was his tone, I had nothtng to reply; but finally I said: "Is there no one, no rich and generous man, to do here in New York as Major Higginson has done in Boston—keep your orchestra going, and pay the deficit?"

"No one," he answered. "I have told them often, those who say they are my friends, that for good work there must be a permanent orchestra; and for a permanent orchestra, which will not pay, there must be a subsidy. My work is known; I am old now, and have no ax to grind. But they do not care. They think I have always kept the body and soul together somehow, and that I always will—that I have nowhere else to go. They treat me as a music merchant, a commercial proposition, subject to the laws of supply and demand."

My thoughts went back to those ten years of summer-night concerts, and to some powerful and devoted friends of Thomas and his music at home, and I asked, "Would you come to Chicago if we could give you a permanent orchestra?" The answer, grim and sincere, and entirely destitute of intentional humor, came back like a flash, "I would go to hell if they gave me a permanent orchestra."

Well, Chicago has always resembled the west end of the next world in this, among other things, that it is wide open to good company. And then and there were roughed out in talk the general principles of an agreement under which the Theodore Thomas Orchestra has lived, moved, and had its being in that city for eighteen years. They are very simple, and are worth noting here:

1. That Thomas should come to Chicago to create there a *permanent* orchestra, whose purpose should be to produce the greatest music in the greatest way.

2. That he should have absolute control of orchestra and programme-making, and should carry on his lifelong campaign for good art without reference to box-office receipts.

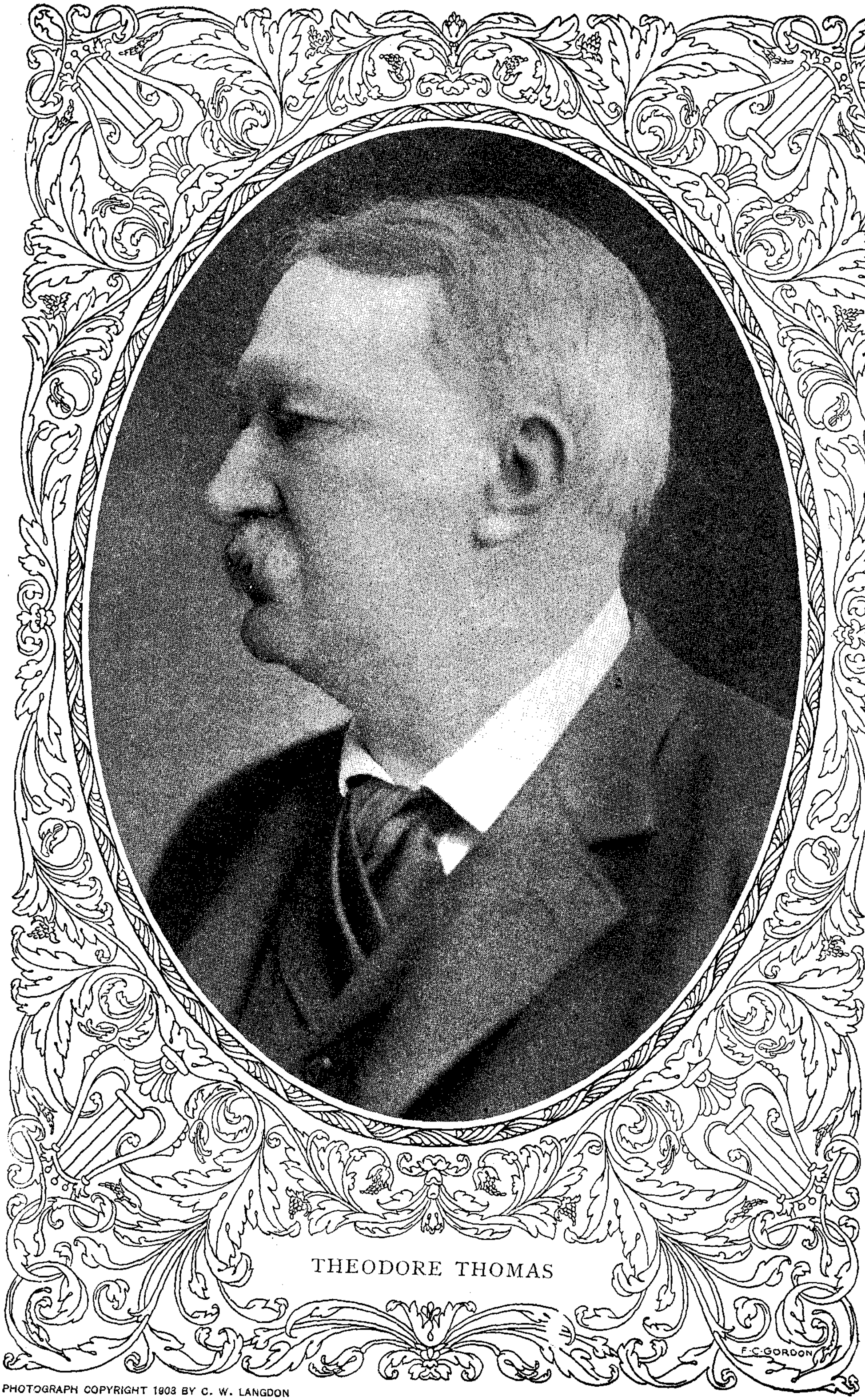
3. That ways and means should be the affair of a supporting Association, and should include a guarantee against deficits of at least $50,000 per annum, for three years.

4. That there should be no "entangling alliances" with any piano house, theater, musical college, impresario, or newspaper—in fact, no business relations of any kind which might subject the Association to any commercial influence or limit its absolute independence.

5. That the members of the orchestra should be given contracts for at least twenty-eight weeks in each year, during which they should play under no other baton than that of the Director, except by his consent, first obtained.

6. That the principal series of concerts should be of symphonic character, and consist of a Friday matinée and Saturday evening performance of the same programme in each week, for not less than twenty weeks in each season. This was afterwards increased to twenty-eight weeks.

Thomas also proposed a series of "popular" concerts on Sunday afternoons for the benefit of the treasury and for educational purposes, such as he had always given "on the road;" but the



THEODORE THOMAS

PHOTOGRAPH COPYRIGHT 1903 BY C. W. LANGDON objections of some powerful supporters of the Association to Sunday concerts have always prevented carrying out this proposal.

When I returned to Chicago after this talk, it did not take long to find support for the plan outlined above. The Orchestral Association, a "corporation not for pecuniary profit," was formed under Illinois law, consisting of five members: Messrs. N. K. Fairbank, E. B. McCagg, A. C. Bartlett, Charles D. Hamill, and myself. Mr. Fairbank, a leader in all the liberalities, was President, and I was Vice-President and factotum. Fifty gentlemen, headed by the late Marshall Field and including those named above, gave me their signatures to a guarantee of $1,000 per annum each for three years against any deficit resulting from our operations. Mr. Thomas took a year and a half to get together a satisfactory orchestra, and commenced his first regular Chicago season in October, 1891.

Artistically, the success of our undertaking was great and cumulative. Relieved from the necessity of constant travel, exhausting both to himself and his men, and for the first time in his life free from the business cares of so large a concern; able to search the world for master musicians—young men, vigorous and enthusiastic; rehearsing four times a week and playing twice; inspiring them with artistic purpose and a proud *esprit de corps*—Thomas developed his orchestra from year to year as a gardener develops a splendid rose. After the first three or four seasons had covered the mass of the repertoire, had taught it to the men, collectively, so to speak; as the weaker of the musicians at first engaged were weeded out and replaced by stronger, and as all grew in knowledge, in tone color, quality, rhythm, phrasing, balance, Thomas constantly revised his markings of scores and parts so as to bring his demands upon the individual players up to their ability to perform. For, as he would say, "An orchestra must go the pace of the slowest member." This evolution upward of his interpretations continued to the very last, no matter how well known and oft-repeated the work. Always, but especially in his later years, the astonishing virtuosity of his orchestra, its dramatic power and effect, the dazzling beauty and blending of its tone color, its perfection of quality and shading, well deserved Cesar Thompson's epigram, "I have seen many a man direct an orchestra, but never heard a man *play on* one before;" and Paderewski's exclamation, "I have played that concerto a hundred times, but never *heard* it before in my life!"

Such comments were not novel. Years before Anton Rubinstein had said to William Steinway, after his tour across the United States with the old Thomas Orchestra: "I little thought to find in this new country the finest orchestra in the world! Man for man, the Orchestra of the Conservatoire in Paris is perhaps equal to them, but, unfortunately, they have not Theodore Thomas to direct."

Fortunate it was that we had artistic success to buoy us up, for financially our record was melancholy enough. For fourteen successive years there was an annually recurring deficit, commencing with $54,000 the first year, and tapering irregularly down to $21,000 at the last, which had to be met by a constantly lessening number of determined men. Every year after the expiration of the first three years guaranteed we had to procure another for a single year—our friends being too timid to give longer pledges—and we never could secure quite enough. Every two or three years we had to pass the hat for an extra subscription to wipe out an accumulated deficit. As time went on many of our strongest supporters died, some moved away, some had financial reverses, not a few became discouraged and quit. After ten years had passed and $350,000 had been sunk, and Mr. Thomas was nearing the allotted three-score and ten, we awoke to the dread that with his retirement or death, and the disruption of his personal following, our beloved orchestra would go out like a smoked cigar, and become a mere memory, as beautiful but as melancholy as that of the great white Court of Honor which for one brief summer stood stately in the sunsets by our Lake.

"*Il n'est que le premier pas qui coûte*" may be true in general, but not in the establishing of a great art. We had supposed it necessary merely to bring the Thomas Orchestra to Chicago and adver-

FREDERICK STOCK
Conductor of the Theodore Thomas Orchestra

tise it, to sell out our great Auditorium by season sale. Remembering the happy crowds that night after night in summer had drifted down to that old pavilion on the Lake Front, contemplating a far larger and better orchestra, with great soloists, and playing twice a week only, in winter when people are in town, we almost laughed at Thomas's insisting upon a $50,000 guarantee. We thought we might lose $25,000 the first year; hardly longer. But we forgot the hot summer nights, the closed theaters; we reckoned without the drawing power of that vast airy Exposition Building down by the Lake, the only cool place in town, the palms and the little tables, the dim sequestered reaches at the sides and back of the floor, where quietly glowed the cigar and foamed the beer, where melted the ice and the glance of its fair consumer, while from afar came the refrain of the "Spring Song" or the noble melody of the "Ave Maria." We were not so musical, after all. Two hours on end of what our Philistines still call "classic music," with only fifteen minutes' intermission to stretch one's legs, proved to be caviar to the general. "Music hath charms—yes," said one honest gentleman, "but *symphonies*—"

And we had to take our symphonies, whether we liked them or not. "The old man," as Adams, our business manager, styled Thomas, was a sort of stern deity, who had to be appeased with sacrifice and burnt offerings. "What can a manager do?" groaned Adams. "Here I engage Nordica this week and think to draw a house, and along comes the old man with a Brahms symphony on the programme and knocks me out."

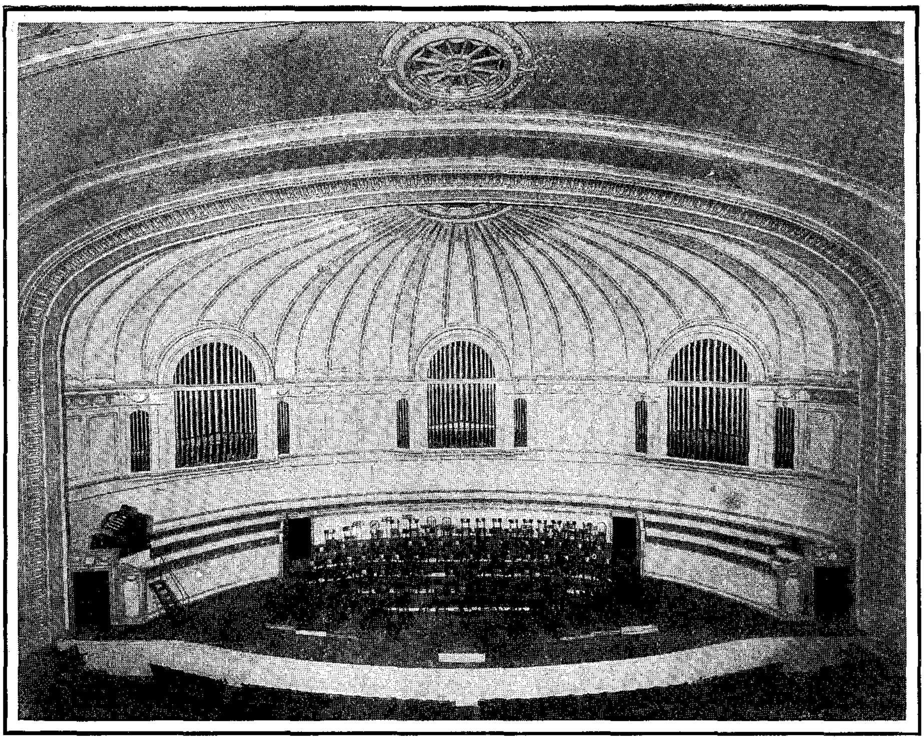
Yet Thomas was right, with the wisdom born of thirty years of programme-making. "Without beer and cigars," he used to say, "a long series of light or 'popular' programmes is impossible. People will not keep on coming. But without a long series of concerts a great orchestra is impossible. What then remains? Nothing but to play the *great* music. The great works of the great composers greatly performed, the best and profoundest art, these, and these alone, according to universal experience, will hold from week to week and year to year those season subscribers who are the mainstay of the box office. Bear in mind that a season ticket, bought and paid for, is better than a carriage to bring a woman to a concert on a rainy day. Play *some* light programmes? Yes. To those who cannot enjoy the great music, poor fellows, I do not grudge that they can enjoy. Music is music, and I too know how to be gay. I will play for them now and then, but it is not for Tell Overture and Händel Largo that Chicago supports my orchestra. One does not buy a Krupp cannon to shoot sparrows."

All these fragments of the eternal verities we of the ways and means committee gradually appreciated as time went on. Our season sale was indeed our sheet anchor, but it was too light, and dragged in windy weather. Unfortunately, our hall, the great and acoustically perfect Auditorium, seating 4,200, proved to be far too big for our average audience of 2,500. That fact minimized our season sale; for when you know there are sure to be twenty-eight weeks of concerts, and hundreds of empty seats at most of them, only a sense of duty, a season sense, as it were, such as grows in Boston, leads you to buy a season ticket.

So, after ten years, as I said before, we began to lose heart. As nearly as we could judge, we had a public of ten thousand to twelve thousand persons out of Chicago's two millions or more; always the same people, who watched our advance notices, and five or six times a year would come rushing in and fill our great house for some special programme or great soloist, and for the remaining twenty-odd weeks would leave it half empty. Evidently our deficit was always to be there. Already two powerful and determined friends—Messrs. Bryan Lathrop and D. H. Burnham—had pulled us through two crises, following the bad times of 1893 and 1896, by hard work among their friends, in collecting extra subscriptions. We had created one of the most perfect musical organizations in the world; but it depended upon a mere series of subscription concerts in a hired hall, without substantial foundation or cohesive strength. A weak successor to Mr. Thomas, a change in the control and use of the Auditorium, another panic, the death of either of two or three prominent supporters, some mere pin-prick of local antagonism, might touch our lovely iridescent bubble, and it would burst and vanish forever. Alas, it does not need a sledge-hammer to shatter a Stradivarius!

We discussed uncertainly a supreme effort to raise an endowment fund of $500,000, to be invested in bonds whose income should permanently pay our deficits; but our faithful friends showed no interest in this proposal. What guarantee had we, they asked, that the fund would be large enough, that recurring and increasing deficits would not wipe it out? And indeed we had none; quite the contrary. We were "about all in," as the fighters say.

Now, for many years Thomas had been telling us to build a Music Hall of about two thousand seats for the orchestra, which should be its property and its home. He urged this mainly for artistic reasons. He said it was impossible to go much further than he had already gone in an oversized hired-hall like the Auditorium, whose use for other purposes was not subordinated to the convenience of the orchestra. When musicians are keyed up to the pitch of virtuosity demanded by modern orchestral standards, especially



THE STAGE OF ORCHESTRA HALL

THE FOYER OF ORCHESTRA HALL

those set by Thomas himself, the least defect in the physical conditions surrounding them puts a ragged edge on their work, as if one should sharpen a razor with a grindstone. Bad air, dust, drafts, difference in temperature between stage and floor, poor light, confusion at rehearsals, properties or people moving about the stage, noises, rehearsing in one place and playing in another, inconvenient dressing-rooms and lockers—a thousand littlenesses grow impossibly large as one approaches perfection in orchestral work. There is perhaps no art in which achievement more depends upon environment.

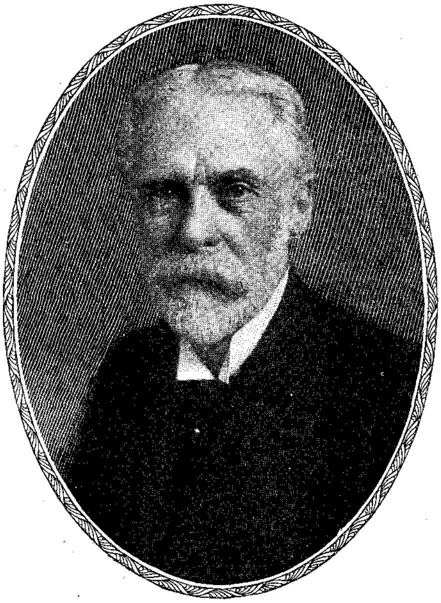
All this Thomas urged upon us, as well

as the prestige, dignity, and solidity of an established Institution with "a local habitation and a name"—a fit and monumental home of its own. The idea appealed to us all, but especially to our chief idealist, Mr. Burnham. His happy theory, which he certainly has sustained in many a splendid fight, is that, if you "hitch your wagon to a star," that star will pull; that if your plan be but ideal enough, it will fascinate, rouse enthusiasm, and prevail. So, like Brahms, he sang the old song, "*Ich habe gebaut ein stättliches Haus*," to his and Thomas's friend the late Arthur Orr, who took fire and started the campaign for permanent endowment of the orchestra, provided it should take the form of a hall, with a pledge of $25,000.

Just then came into the market, at $450,000, a piece of ground on Michigan Boulevard, opposite the Lake Front Park and the Art Institute; which last occupies the spot where once stood the old Exposition Building, Thomas's original summer-night concert stand. It was ideally situated for the purpose, and, though a little shallow, was practically the last available plot of decent size remaining vacant near the center upon which Chicago's transportation lines converge. Mr. Burnham learned of this, and invited the President of the Association, Mr. Lathrop, and eight others of its best friends to join himself in a syndicate to buy this property and hold it, while prosecuting a campaign for a building fund; the syndicate to turn the ground over to the Association at cost if the fund was raised, otherwise to keep it as a joint personal investment. The men approached promptly assented, the ground was bought, and during the next twelvemonth a very novel and extraordinary popular movement took place "to save the Thomas Orchestra." Most of the great newspapers, all of the culture clubs and musical societies, the merchants and business men, the employees of the great department stores, the University faculty and students, the public school teachers and pupils, down to the very Kindergarten Association, agitated, formed committees, and collected subscriptions. Literally, the butcher, the baker, and the candlestick-maker were there. Perhaps the most touching contribution was a few cents each from the members of a Janitress and Scrubwomen's Association domiciled at the Chicago Commons Settlement House. The members of the Orchestra, headed by Thomas, contributed a week's salary, about $5,000.

A stiff fight was made against the movement by interests identified with the great Auditorium, on the ground that to

DANIEL H. BURNHAM
Vice-President of the Orchestra Association of Chicago



BRYAN LATHROP
President of the Orchestra Association of Chicago

EMICO TRAMONTI
Harpist

BRUNO STEINDEL
First Cellist

play in a smaller hall would shut out the crowd, especially the poor, in favor of a rich and exclusive season audience. The poor themselves did not seem to worry; but the argument undoubtedly cost us large subscriptions from many rich and public-spirited men. We secured, however, about 8,500 subscriptions, aggregating $650,000; yet we were obliged to borrow over $300,000 to finance a total investment of upward of $950,000. We are still paying interest on that loan, but hope to extinguish it in course of time out of gifts and legacies such as naturally come to established institutions of a public character. One lady, who withholds her name as yet, has commenced with $25,000, available at her death. Another, Mrs. Thomas Nelson Page, a constant supporter of the orchestra, though a nonresident, has given $50,000, well invested, for the general income of the Association. Mrs. Marshall Field has started the sinking fund with $5,000. May their examples be followed freely.

LEOPOLD KRAMER
Concert-Master

Besides the Hall and the endowment funds, the orchestra possesses Theodore Thomas's musical library, presented to the Association by his widow and children, an asset whose value can hardly be overestimated. It was the accumulation of his lifetime, and had cost well above $100,000. During forty years he personally provided and owned all the music, both scores and parts, which he performed, often for festival orchestras and choruses of huge dimensions; and he performed substantially the entire literature. During the first fifteen years of this period he played first violin in his then famous string quartet. It was his habit to buy the scores of all new music as it appeared, if at all worthy of the name, whether he used them or not. Consequently all the interesting works for orchestra, great and small, the operas, oratorios, cantatas, masses, concertos, arias, transcriptions innumerable, and all the great chamber music, tons in weight, in orderly arrangement, lie upon the shelves of that library. It is rare indeed that a work called for cannot instantly be placed upon the desks of the musicians. The Year Book printed by the Association each year, containing a résumé of the eighteen years' repertoire as performed, which is in itself a liberal education in music, includes but a part of the contents of the catalogue of the library. Thomas's own scores, with his autograph markings, showing his interpretations of the greater works, and his reference library containing many rare books and interesting manuscript scores, have been committed by the Association to the custody of the Newberry Library, for safety, and for accessibility to music students.

One other most valued possession of the orchestra might almost be called a legacy of its founder—namely, his successor, Mr. Frederick Stock, for ten years one of the viola players, and during the last two years of Mr. Thomas's life his understudy and Assistant Director. One of the most extraordinary things in Thomas's long career—he was over fifty years before the public, and left over ten thousand printed programmes—was that he never missed a single performance, and never was late but twice, both times because of railway washouts. The fact speaks volumes for his physical strength and mastery of detail. Knowing that these could not last forever, for several years before his death he looked for a younger man to whom he might transmit the traditions of good art as he held them; and he was attracted by Mr. Stock's exceptional ability as a composer (in some works submitted for Thomas's criticisms) and by his charming personality and serious character. Still continuing to play the viola as a regular thing, Mr. Stock was occasionally called by Mr. Thomas to the conductor's desk at the Chicago concerts, and finally was appointed by him Assistant Director, in full charge of the orchestra when upon the road; after which Thomas traveled no more himself. At the commencement of the season of 1903–4 the doctors warned Thomas that his heart was defective, and might fail at any time if he kept on conducting; but he decided to work through the season, if possible, in order to break in the musicians to the changed conditions sure to be found in the new Hall, then approaching completion. Two weeks after its opening, in the midst of the hard work of that breaking in, aggravated by bad weather and damp walls, illness came in the form of pneumonia, and Thomas passed away at the very height of his artistic powers. Fortunate indeed we then were that the modest and brilliant young Assistant was there to take up the Director's baton, which he has held so lightly and so firmly ever since, growing each year in his art and in the estimation of the orchestra, the public, and the critics.

As to the public and the critics, those important factors in all art life, the Thomas Orchestra has a public of ten to twelve thousand people, trained to keen discrimination by eighteen years of concert-going, which Saint-Saëns, after his recent tour of the United States, characterized as the most sympathetic he had met there. It has a considerable patronage, rather difficult to estimate, among the six to seven thousand students of the musical colleges of Chicago. It has critics—I refer to those of the daily press—whose notices of its concerts, and others, though differing as criticisms always differ, are characterized nowadays by first-hand knowledge and seriousness of purpose. How well I remember the notices which greeted our first concert in 1891, as a full-page "Society" event, with lists of names and toilettes; hardly more!

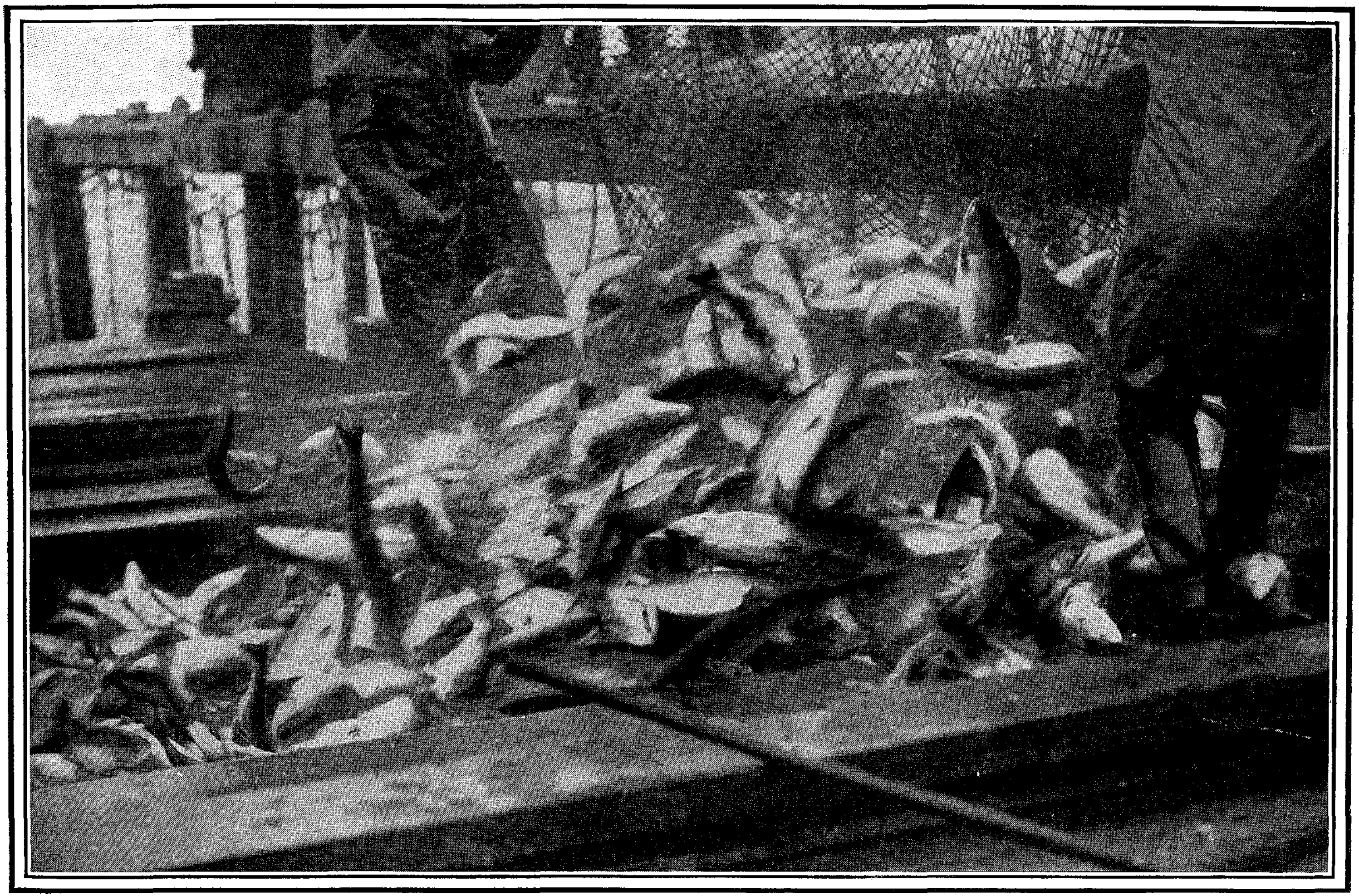
The public has paid in eighteen years about $1,800,000 into the orchestra box office. The $1,000,000 in addition which has been donated, over and above box-office receipts, for its support and endowment, has for the most part been provided by about one hundred modest and generous men and women. Let me here pay tribute to them. They are anonymous; no list of names and amounts has ever been made public—they have preferred to remain unknown. From the $75,000 of the millionairess to the ten cents of the scrubwoman, all has been given without thought of notoriety. Verily, it was a rare thing that 100—no, 8,500—givers should not "let their right hand know what their left hand doeth."

Equally rare has been the spirit of those who as trustees and members of the governing Association have given, with their money, their effort and the prestige of their names. None have posed as connoisseurs or patrons of art, or sought to direct the Director of the orchestra. They have been content quietly to do collectively for good music in Chicago what Major Higginson has done singly in Boston, and indeed they could not have had a better exemplar either in deed or in manner. Conspicuous among them, besides those already mentioned, have been the Glessners, the McCormicks, the Adamses, Messrs. Lawson, Brown, Otis, and Baird. With them should be named, as a heavy contributor from the first, Thomas himself. For his established business in and near New York yielded him about $10,000 per annum more than he came to Chicago for. That was his yearly sacrifice for good art. Our business managers also have deserved all praise for unselfish, discriminating, and dignified work.

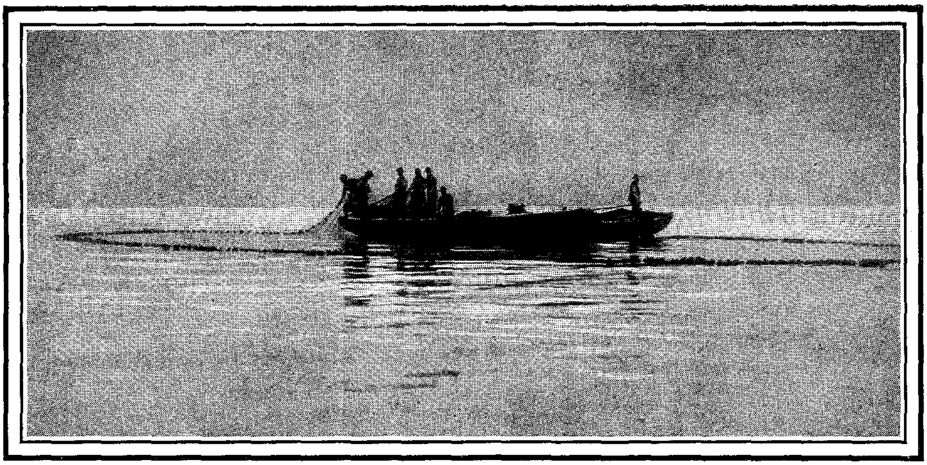
We are now buying some fine old violins, to equip the rank and file of our string choir withal; and we hope to lie back in peace and enjoy their mellow tone, after the strenuous years recounted above. We believe that the possession of its Hall has indeed made the Theodore Thomas Orchestra "permanent." Never since it was occupied have we had to ask a dollar of assistance. Naturally, we shall not feel quite safe until our debt is paid off. Other halls will be built, doubtless, and take away some of our rents. Opera will be established in Chicago, with its appeal to the eye and its inevitable lowering of standards, and may cost us some of our fashionable supporters. But eighteen years' hearing of the great master works, given with a perfection of technique and interpretation practically impossible in opera, "the greatest music given in the greatest way," have surely laid in the hearts of ten or twelve thousand Chicagoans, and of their children after them, a firm foundation for the immortality of our Orchestra.

For beauty means immortality in this world. Karnak and Corinth have been in ruins for centuries, but the mystery of the sphinx and the revelation of the column are our living heritage. Vikings and Skalds are legendary now, their long ships buried in the drifted sands, their very language "dead" for ages; old Omar's empty glass has been turned down for near a thousand years; yet never, I suppose, did Nibelungenlied or Rubáiyát fly so far and wide—*vivus per ora virorum*—as in this our day. Year by year canvas and marble, casket and jewel, carpet and tapestry, quit the palaces for the museums, the changeful possession of the few for the enduring ownership of the many. The palaces themselves, the lovely parks and stately castles, the one-time cradles of luxury and fortresses of privilege, are become the holiday places of the peoples, the *transmittenda* of the world. By a sort of glorified survival of the fittest, almost all that long outlives the generations, that they seem able to transmit to the race, is that which they have contributed to beauty and tradition.

So, for Bach and Beethoven and the rest, those great poets of the universal language which will never die—those mighty architects in sound, from whose airy battlements and cloud-capped towers, rising ever fresh and glorious, time cannot throw down one glittering pinnacle—I can conceive of no century, of no race, that will reject them. He that hath ears to hear will always hear. With confidence, therefore, we can commit the Theodore Thomas Orchestra for all time to our city of Chicago, for its delight and in loving memory of the great man whose name it bears.



DUMPING A BIG SALMON CATCH FROM A TRAP INTO A SCOW



PURSE SEINERS PULLING IN A NET

Salmon Fishing in Pacific Waters

By Bailey Millard

TWO unexpected guests drop in at luncheon-time. The hostess is in despair.

"What in the world shall we give them to eat, Nora?" she asks the cook. "There's absolutely nothing in the house."

"Why, yis, mum; there's the salmon." And Nora brings forth two white-papered tins labeled "Best Columbia River Salmon" and sets them on the kitchen table.

"Saved!" cries her mistress; and she goes back to the drawing-room smiling.

Now this kitchen conversation may have occurred in Boston, in Bombay, or in Melbourne. There is almost as much universality in it as there is in a talk about sugar or shoe-laces or of the man whom the other woman is going to marry. For, safely packed in those little white-labeled tins, Pacific Coast salmon goes all over the world. The daily average consumption of canned salmon on this fish-eating planet is eleven thousand cases of forty-eight pounds each, or a little over half a million pounds a day, or about 182,500,000 pounds a year. The demand grows steadily, and new markets are being developed all the time.

Because of this tremendous consumption is there likely to be any immediate diminution of this particular fish product? No; and for these reasons: New fishing-grounds are being exploited, and artificial propagation, already carried on to an enormous extent, is being increased from year to year. In Atlantic waters, it is true, there has been a considerable falling off in the yearly takes of fish, but in the past forty years the Pacific Coast salmon pack has increased over fiftyfold, or, in actual figures, from one hundred thousand cases in 1869 to over five million cases in 1909. So it is not likely that during her natural lifetime our despairing hostess will call upon Nora in vain for something for luncheon if the provident cook has been beforehand in her orders for canned salmon.

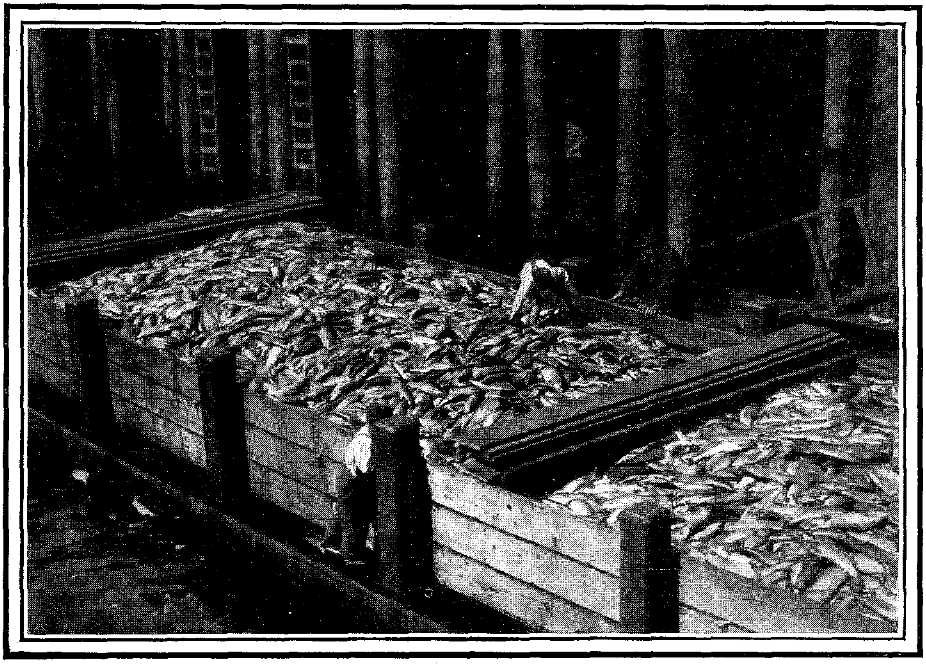
The marvelous development of the salmon fisheries of the Pacific Coast, and particularly of Puget Sound and the Alaskan inlets, is something to ponder over. When the first fisherman dragged his net in the Columbia River in the early fifties and made a goodly catch, he little dreamed that in a few decades cannerymen on the banks of the river would be packing the fish by the thousands and sending them to far-distant shores, and that all up and down the coast armies of men would be going forth to take heavy toll from the banks where the salmon would swim in vast, shimmering shoals.

From the mouth of the Sacramento River to the mouth of the Yukon I have seen the fishers hauling their nets; on the Inland Channel, from Victoria to Skagway, I have seen them; on the blue Columbia and on the smoke-hazed waters of Puget Sound. Fascinating it is to see the nets pulled in and the gleaming, flapping fish come aboard and be heaped in silvery piles in the bottom of the boat, or to see the long, baying seine come slowly shoreward, the fish churning and frothing the water within it, and to see the scramble, the inrush, and the wild flipflap of the fish as they are forced into the shallows and are seized upon by eager hands that fight for a hold upon their slippery bodies, often losing it when the scurrying salmon breaks for deep water and liberty.

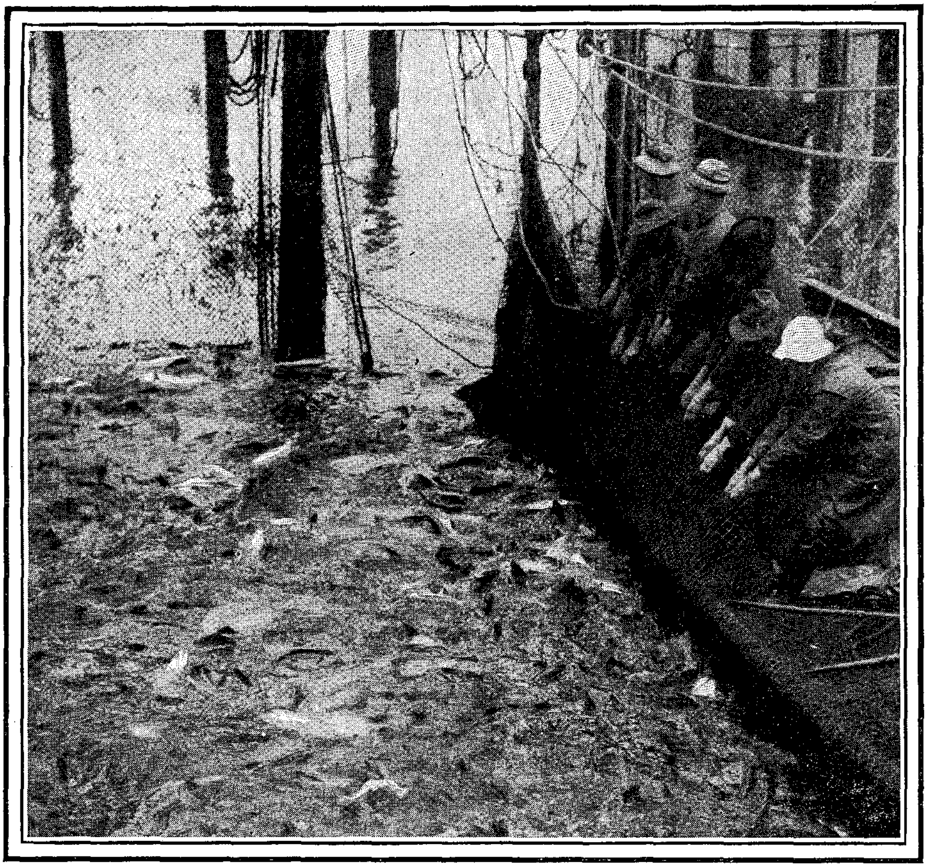
For my own part, one reason for this enchantment is that I have borne a hand at the shore seine and fought with the fishers for an uncertain hold upon many a blueback or steelhead when the water in the incoming seine was alive with fish and their frenzied flappings filled the ear like the claps of a palm grove in a gale.

But while I have a fond eye for the Homeric sweep of the net and trap fishing because of the rich harvests where twenty thousand to fifty thousand salmon often are taken by a small fishing crew in a day, and this sort of thing appeals to the imagination of one who, blinding himself to the butchery of it, thinks only that it adds millions to the world's wealth and the world's food supply, I confess that, when it comes to the real thrill of the thing, there's nothing like having a single salmon at the end of a hundred-foot line, fighting for his life, leaping high into the air, diving deep into the sea, and darting far and wide, or running toward the boat while I joyously pull in the slack, ready to let out more line on the instant that he turns, but all the while playing him nearer and nearer. When I am doing this there always comes a flash from Kipling: "There be several sorts of success in this world that taste well in the moment of enjoyment, but I question whether the stealthy theft of line from an able-bodied salmon who knows exactly what you are doing and why you are doing it is not sweeter than any other victory within human scope."

And then the fight by the boatside, when the circle of the splendid fellow's thrashing struggle is growing smaller and smaller, the crucial moment when he



A SCOW-LOAD OF FISH LANDING AT A BELLINGHAM CANNERY



HAULING IN THE SEASON'S SINGLE RECORD CATCH OF 100,000 SALMON

The captured fish are drawn up toward the boat and taken from the pot at the trap near Bellingham

pauses for breath, the decisive yet steady uplift and inswing of your line while your heart stands still, and, lastly, the regal pride of it all when you see your big fish actually in the boat with your hands clutching his gills—that were indeed a victory for the gods.

"I like to catch fish in seines or in big traps," said a Puget Sound fisherman to me, "but it never gits to me the way hook-and-line fishin' does. When I feel one o' them big salmon tuggin' at my line and see him jump out o' water, I tremble like a leaf."

English literature is rich, but how much richer it would be had Stevenson caught salmon with Kipling on the Clackamas in Oregon, "reel answering reel even as the morning stars sang together!"

No fish are taken for the canneries by hook and line, and, as I have in this article chiefly to concern myself with cannery fishing, I cannot further consider the sportsman's, or, as the canneryman would call it had he time to use such a word, the dilettante side of salmon-taking. I may, however, be permitted this one fond, lingering reflection, that the three months I spent trolling for salmon and salmon trout in Puget Sound waters were the most enjoyable of all my fishing vacations; and I marvel that there are not thousands of sportsmen from all over the country gathering there to enjoy this most royal of all fishing. In all my ninety days along the Sound I did not see more than twenty hook-and-line fishermen, and most of these were Indians, who trolled for the fish in white fashion and did not seem to be as expert as their white brethren. Disciples of the good Izaak, consider the possibilities, and remember that Puget Sound is only seventy-two hours from Chicago!

Mr. Rex Beach, in his captivating romance of "The Silver Horde," says that "the story of the salmon is an epic in itself," and it is. Emerging from tiny pink eggs, a little larger than common buckshot, that are deposited by the mother fish on the gravel bottoms of the river head waters, the infant salmon is a grotesque little chap, somewhat resembling a tadpole. His food supply, the egg-yolk, is contained in a small sac attached to his under side near the head. The baby salmon, with his black swarm of brothers and sisters—each brood consists of from one thousand to four thousand—lives for nearly a month on the pebbly bottom, a prey to every living thing that haunts fresh water, and particularly to trout, which consume these helpless alevin in vast numbers. About the end of the first month of his life he begins to take an interest in things, darting about for such particles of food as he may find afloat, and, as he gets older and stronger, struggling to devour some stray grasshopper that has mistakenly entered upon an aquatic adventure.

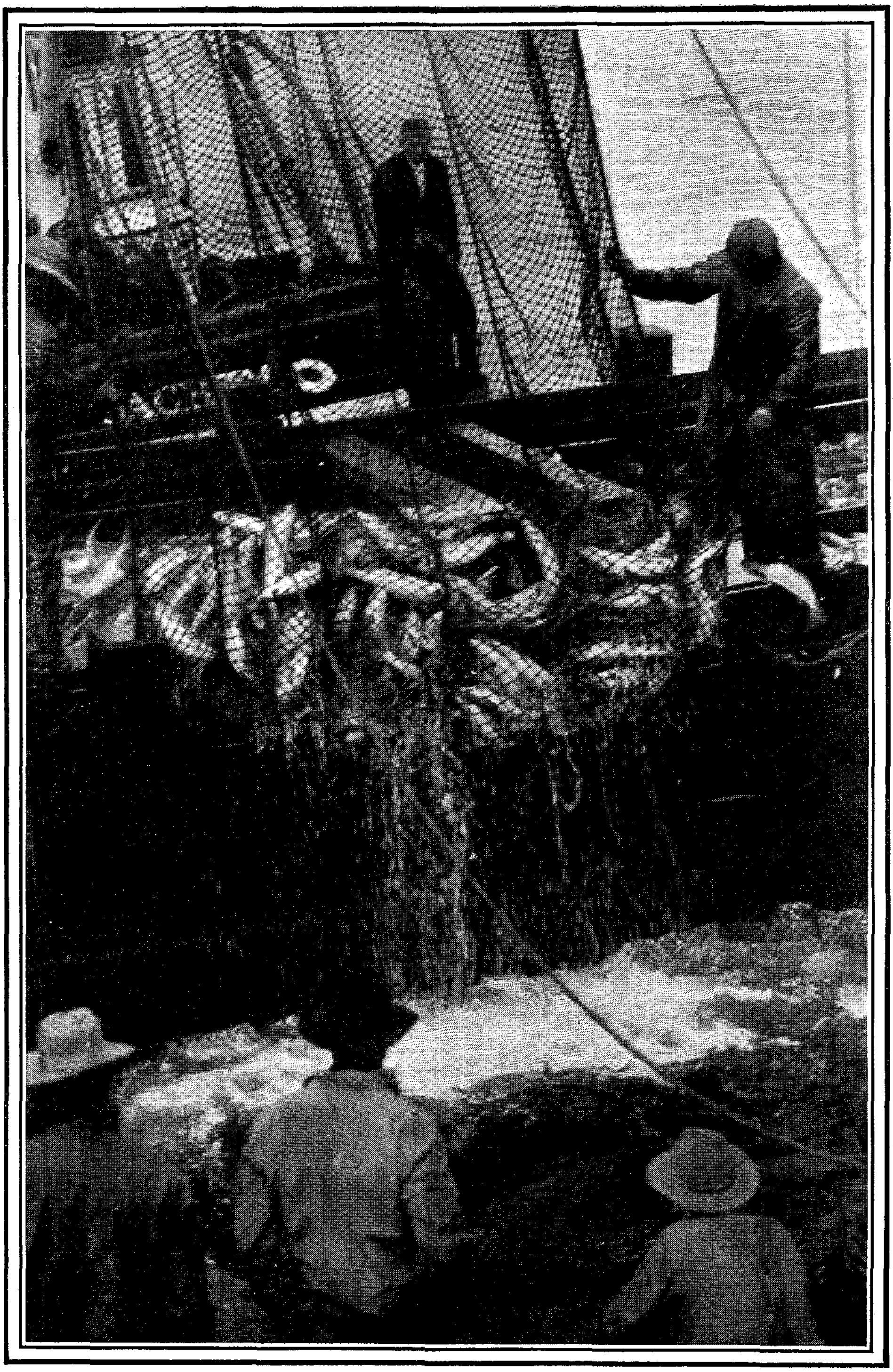
Growing marvelously, he now moves into deeper water and permits himself to float gently down the river, always with head upstream, for fear, as the fishermen say, of drowning should the current open wide his tender gills. In long, winding rivers he floats for months, down, down, toward the sea. Arriving at last at the river's mouth, he finds himself in a grand army of fellow-fish, all of about sardine size, and all awaiting gradual transformation into creatures of the sea. For months the army is encamped there, executing from day to day such maneuvers as will fit its members for life in salt water, where the real fight is to begin. Inured at last to the briny element, and waxing strong and saucy withal, the "silver horde" makes its way out into the sea—just how far nobody really knows, some fish experts giving it a theoretical ten miles from the river mouth, while others declare that it swims hundreds of miles away. For four years, its common cycle of life, the salmon remains in the sea, growing amazingly, sometimes to the weight of eighty pounds, rapacious as are all sea creatures, and fully able to take care of itself when attacked by any marine animal of its size.

Always excepting man, the most insatiable of all its enemies is the sea-lion. These alert, agile, and powerful animals make war upon salmon to an extent that sometimes decimates a whole school. Indeed, in places where the sea-lion is protected by law, as in the Bay of San Francisco and the Golden Gate, through which the current of the Sacramento River passes on the ebb tide, the run of salmon has decreased from year to year as the sleek black monsters that prey upon them grow in numbers, so that the canning industry of the Sacramento has fallen off from a total of two hündred thousand cases in 1882 to two thousand seven hundred and eighty cases in 1905, and none at all during the past four years, though salmon are still caught for the fresh-fish markets of California. Fishermen are said to shoot sea-lions on the sly, but the heavy fines imposed in such cases greatly discourage this kind of poaching. The pity of it is that the sea-lion does not eat the salmon that he slays, only consuming one choice tidbit, the soft paunch of the fish. As an Italian fisherman of San Francisco said to me:

"Thata sea-lion he taka one li'la bite out o' da bell', killa da fish, an' swimma for da nexa one."

And so the sea-lion waxes fat and round and the salmon of the Sacramento disappear despite the artificial hatching of millions of eggs by a fostering Government. But in Northern Pacific waters, while the smooth, smug monster takes heavy toll, his attacks do not seem appreciably to diminish the silver horde.

In the last summer of the four-year cycle the salmon leave the mysterious depths of the sea and return to the places of their birth. To the mouths of the rivers they come, millions of massing fish, lashing the brackish waters to a seething ferment and rushing on up the stream, scurrying over swift rapids, leaping high barriers, and often charging again and again up impassable falls in pitiful struggles in which thousands are slain upon the cruel rocks. Such sights as we witnessed on the Lillywaup River of noble fish possessed of a demoniac desire to leap fifty-foot falls, tumbling back upon the rocks, their battered bodies floating down upon the gravel bars or drifting in whirling



TAKING SALMON FROM A TRAP AT BELLINGHAM

masses, sickened the sense and made one wonder why the spawning instinct should have to work itself out so terribly. For it is to germinate their kind that the fish rush back to the rivers of their birth. There they lay their eggs and there they die. The waters are fouled by the multitude of dead bodies and the bones blanch upon the bars.

It is this well-known homing instinct of the salmon that the cannerymen count upon to fill their millions of bright new tins. Near the mouths of the rivers they set traps and fish-wheels and gill-nets and seines, and as the great mob of fish rush recklessly upstream they are caught by thousands and shipped in great scows to the canneries, which are generally within a short distance of the fishing banks. There are two hundred canneries on the coast, and in the busy season they are run night and day. An idea of the extent of the industry can be gained by the fact that last autumn there stood under the dock shed of one of the big canneries at Bellingham, Washington, a stack of over five million cans of fish ready for shipment.

As the salmon rush up from the sea they follow well-known courses, and it is directly across these courses that the traps and nets are set. Formerly there was much rivalry among the fishermen owning or renting "locations" along the banks, and many were the attempts made to block the way of the fish so that they would run into certain traps and not into others. The "corking" of a trap, as it is known among the fishermen, is neatly described in one of Mr. Rex Beach's novels, though I have never heard of such attempts being made in Pacific waters during recent years, as the fishermen generally work for a big "combine," and the independent concerns that try to poach upon the preserves of the large corporation are not so strongly in evidence as they were some years ago.

Kipling, who visited the Columbia River fisheries twenty years ago, described as "black and bloody murder" the salmon wheel of those days—"an infernal arrangement of wire-gauze compartments worked by the current and moved out by a barge inshore to scoop out the salmon as he races up the river." I wonder what he would call the present-day device, beside which the old wheel is but a toy. This device is the improved trap, which takes fish by the ton when the run is good, with a sureness and cheapness that have done much to increase the annual packs and to make the canning industry a profitable one. The trap as now used is an ingenious system of netting, hundreds of feet long, attached to small piles. First there is a "leader," a single long strip of webbing that retards the up-stream progress of the silver horde, being practically impassable. When they arrive at this barrier, the fish go poking along toward the upper end of it, seeking an outlet. By and by, to speak Irishly, they find one, but it is an inlet; for they have nosed their way into a narrow channel of netting that leads to the trap proper, a circular inclosure twenty or thirty feet wide that reaches to the river bottom and has a floor of netting.

When the tide is at rest, the fish cease to run for the time, and it is at this slack-water period of the day that the fishermen do their "brailing," as the taking of the fish is called. This "brailing" is done by hoisting the trap-net with pulley-ropes attached to the piles, first seeing that the opening is made secure so that no fish may escape.

During the season of 1909, which at the present writing is reported to be the luckiest of all for the Pacific Coast fishermen, the traps along the upper Puget Sound were often found to be so full of fish that on looking into them one had the impression of gazing into a crowded aquarium, the fish huddling so closely together as to be plainly visible before the trap was raised. Off Watmouth Light a trap owned by Mr. E. A. Sims held in one catch over 70,000 sockeye salmon, accounted by the canners to be among the best fish in the market. At Bellingham, also on the Sound, the record single catch of 1901, which was 90,000 salmon, was broken several times during the season of 1909, the largest single "lift" being over 100,000. In many places near Bellingham the canners could not handle all the fish, and thousands of them were allowed to pass through the traps and on to the spawning-grounds. Although great preparations were made to handle the fish, the capacity of the plants was not adequate to care for the phenomenal catch.

THE CREW OF THE LAUNCH PULLING IN THEIR PURSE SEINE

The little launches took as many as 6,000 fish a day when they were selling at twenty-five cents apiece

The great salmon run at Bellingham was a show sight for Exposition visitors. Thousands of excursionists made the "side trip" to that beautiful little Puget Sound port, and they learned more about Pacific Coast fisheries there in one hour than if they had spent a week studying the excellent fish exhibit in the Forestry Building at Seattle.

As one tourist looked from the towboat into the seething mass of salmon in one of the big traps, he called forth excitedly, "What an enormous school of fish!"

"School!" echoed another sightseer. "Why, it's a university!"

A short time before the big run I made the trip up the Sound in one of the stout launches used by the purse-seiners. At that time—it was mid-July—the fish should have made their annual appearance in the courses, but thus far they had failed to come up save in small scattering schools. The traps were taking no fish, but the seiners were dragging the river mouths to fair purpose, catching from three to six thousand fish a day to each launch. Seining is an old method of fishing. The wide-spreading nets are set along the shoreward shallows and are dragged in at slack tide, the smaller ones by hand and the larger by horses. Because it was probably the more picturesque method, I chose the hand-dragging as the kind of fishing in which I should take part. I found it hard, wet work, but there was a tensity about it that got into the blood and made the pulses leap.

Alongshore in the purple mist of a chilly evening, with a cold wind driving in from the sea, were hundreds of fisherfolk putting forth their seines, some from launches and others from rowboats. I stood in the stern of our launch beside a high-heaped mass of brown netting and did as I was bid.

"Let the net straight down," commanded the fisherman who minded the engine, "and always let the leads strike the water first, or you'll get into a tangle."

This seemed easy, but it was not. The long, light rope fastened to the end of the net and running ashore to a firmly driven stake, where it was securely hitched, exerted a constant pull upon the seine, and at times was like to drag me overboard. Because of this and the fact that the wooden floats had a bad habit of getting caught in the leaded line at the bottom of the net, tangle after tangle resulted, but, under the clearly spoken and not altogether complimentary instructions of the fisherman, I untwisted the fouled tackle and was making a pretty fair cast of it, when of a sudden an inconsiderate "put-put" emerged out of the mist from nowhere in particular and made straight over our floats.

"Hey, there!" yelled my fisher friend. "Where the deuce are you goin'? Ain't you got no eyes?"

But it was too late! The propeller was caught in our seine and was reeling it off the stern of our boat ten feet to the second, while I clutched frantically at the piled-up mass.

A half-hour was consumed in disentangling the seine, the two launch masters indulging the while in that sort of recrimination common to cabmen. It was picturesque but unpleasant, this language of theirs, and, as I was coming in for my share of it, I was glad when, after frantic work with boat-hooks and much pulling and hauling, the trespassing launch crew sped away amid a rattling volley from the angry fisherman. We spent another half-hour patching up the damage done by the reckless ones, while my friend repeated over and over again:

"I've got their number! I've got their number! They'll have to pay for this."

Then we proceeded on our way, and after a while the cast was all made—about twenty miles of netting it seemed to me, as, with aching back, I saw the last of the brown web drop into the stream.

"Only two hours of tide left!" complained the fisherman. "This won't be no haul."

We waited ashore for slack water, sitting on a log beside the crazy little ark of the fisherman while lounging men in crisp, rustling oilskins told stories of big catches, and of sharks that broke their nets, and of how the salmon wouldn't enter the seine on still nights when the water was fullof phosphorescence.

"Why, I seen a seine once that looked like a blaze o' fireworks," said one old fisherman. "D'yeh s'pose the fish would come near it? Not on yer life! We didn't even git a dogfish that haul."

Looking out over the broad tidal inlet, we could hear a splash-splash-splashing that broke upon the quiet air and brough a smile to the face of my fisher friend, who took out his pipe to say:

"They're strikin' in. But o' course th' ain't nothin' to it. Only two hours o' tide."

He kept smiling, and grumbling while he smiled, and I was all at sea as to what the catch would be. A longer experience would have taught me that fishermen always discount their luck in advance, on the superstitious notion that to be overconfident of success is sure to bring a bad haul.

A half-hour later, when the mist had risen and the early stars were peeping forth, we dragged in the seine, the fisherman pulling at one end and I at the other. It was a long, hard tug, the fisherman grumbling all the while; but it seemed to my amateur sense, as I strained at the line and saw the floats bobbing in nearer to the shore, that there was something inside that great half-circle of netting besides salt water. And there was! As the seine began to come ashore and we felt the pull of the mass inside it, the tug became harder and harder, and at last my end of it came to a dead stop.

"Get a-hold there, some o' you fellers!" called the fisherman, and a half-dozen men seized the seine and dragged it up the beach.

"Stiddy! Keep the bottom down!" rang the command, as we waded out into the water nearly to the tops of our hip-boots. Steadily we hauled, and then, flashing about in the narrowing circle, leaping into the air, some of them over the net, we saw the fish. The water boiled. A big school had "struck in," and soon we were doing bloody work with the gaffs and heaping no less than seven hundred splendid, shining fish into the scow. Even my grumbling partner was satisfied.

"It's an all-right catch," he observed, when the last big fellow went into the scow. "Seems like old times."

All this, as I said, was before the big run. Some of the purse-seine crews took as many as six thousand fish a day, which they sold at good prices to the canners, who thought that, after all, because of the lateness of the season, there would be a very small catch. Good prices mean from twenty-five to thirty cents a fish, so that some of the seining crews were making $1,000 to $1,500 a day with only three to six men in a boat. And when the big run actually began, they took a great many more fish than that each day, though the prices fell very low. It is early in the season that the seiners reap their real harvest, and that is also the time for the gill-netters. The gill-netters, who are chiefly Italians, Greeks, and Portuguese, with here and there a Scandinavian or a Dane, work hard, and often make independent fortunes. They use a big strip of web, from one thousand to fifteen hundred feet in length, that floats with the tide, the men following it in boats, in which they live for weeks at a time. If many fish are gilled at one time in the net, they pull it all in, but for the most part they confine their efforts to gaffing the fish as they become entangled and hauling them into the boats singly. The bobbing of a float tells the fisher where the fish is, and he makes haste to get him out. This sort of fishing is beset with more dangers than any other in Pacific waters, for the nets often drift far out over the bars and into rough water, and the boats are sometimes capsized when a haul is attempted. They are a hardy lot, these gill-netters, and they look with contempt upon the trapmen, who are the wholesale slaughterers of salmon.

But it is, after all, upon trap-fishing that the canners chiefly depend, for without traps the season's pack would not amount to one-half that which is now reported annually. There be those who complain, however, that the traps, spreading far and wide over the salmon courses, keep the fish from proceeding to their spawning-grounds, and thus tend greatly to deplete their number in future seasons. But here a wise State law steps in and declares that for thirty-six hours of each week the traps shall be lifted and the salmon shall be allowed to go their upward way without hindrance. This law has worked well, and but for it there would probably be very small runs. The fishermen realize the importance of the statute, and there are few, if any, violations of it.

The big run of 1909 began near the entrance to Puget Sound about the 25th of July, and continued almost uninterruptedly for over a month. A towboat captain reached Port Townsend with the report that his vessel had passed through a shoal of moving fish over five miles wide and of indeterminate length. Soon the news came from Anacortes, Bellingham, and from the Fraser River canneries that the trapmen were "brailing" thousands upon thousands of salmon. In one day 210,000 fish were received at the Bellingham canneries, nearly all of the sockeye variety, so highly prized by buyers. At one time there were over 600,000 sockeyes in the Bellingham traps, and on August 8 the receipts for twenty-four hours at the Anacortes, Fraser River, Gulf of Georgia, Bellingham, and Blaine canneries were 1,394,000. The number of cans packed was limited only by the capacity of the plants and the endurance of the operatives.

So great was the run that while on a certain Tuesday one canneryman was buying all the fish he could get at twenty-one cents each, on Wednesday he was selling fish for less than twenty cents to other canners on the Columbia River and other regions where the run was light at that time. Splendid schools of sockeyes, in which there were probably hundreds of thousands of fish, were permitted to pass the swarming traps. This insures another good run for the season of 1913, when the salmon hatched in 1909 will return to Puget Sound.

The big run was wholly unexpected, and astonished the cannerymen, many of whom were not prepared for it. A Californian named Silas Wentworth, so the story goes, visited Puget Sound a few months before the run, making investigations among the fishermen. He went back to San Francisco and predicted that more salmon would be taken in the Sound and adjacent waters in the summer of 1909 than in any previous season. One Haswell, a new arrival from Scotland, heard the prophecy and immediately became interested. He had a little money and he borrowed more, and with this capital he placed an immense order for tin cans. People laughed at him and said he was innocent to take stock in Wentworth's forecast, but when the big run actually began there was no more laughing, for Haswell suddenly become a rich man, his profits on the cans reaching into the thousands.

It was to the patient, plodding Oriental that the salmon canners owed their success for many years. In the cleaning, cutting up, and cooking and packing of the fish no one equals the Chinaman, for the reason that the hours of labor are as long as a man can work, stand on his feet, and move his hands, and in this respect the Chinese are wonders. Japanese also make good cannery hands, but they are not so reliable. Of late years machinery has superseded human labor, so that the number of workers has been greatly reduced. A machine called the Iron Chink, from the fact that it displaces Chinese, has been introduced during the past five years, and is a marvel of ingenuity, cleaning, trimming, and chopping up the fish in a wholesale fashion, at the rate of one a second, and being accompanied by an auxiliary mechanism that feeds the cut-up fish into cans. From the filler the cans are mechanically transferred to tables, where they are inspected and weighed. Endless belts then convey them to can-cleaning machines, where they are subjected to a jet of compressed air and polished with rotating brushes. Tops are then placed on the cans and crimped to them, after which they are run through a soldering machine, and then pass along runways through a cold-water bath, which sets the solder. Central vents, which have been left open until this stage of the process, are now sealed and the cans are plunged into hot water. If bubbles escape from a can, it is removed and resoldered until it is perfectly tight. Emerging from the hot bath, the cans are run into a huge retort, where they remain fifty minutes in a temperature of 240 degrees. Then they come forth and are vented to allow the hot air to escape, after which the second vents are soldered, and they are then cooked in the same temperature as before for about twelve minutes. The next process is the scouring of the cans by an ingenious device in which strong lye is used. After that they are washed in boiling and then in cold water. They are then permitted to stand for several weeks, during which examinations are made for defective cans. The final processes are lacquering, drying, labeling, and packing in cases that contain forty-eight pound cans each.

The present-day prejudice against tinned food as unclean will hardly hold against Pacific Coast salmon, for the fish are closely inspected at every stage and the machinery is thoroughly cleaned by compressed air three times a day, while the floors, tanks, and tables are scrubbed with brine or lye, rinsed, and sprinkled with salt. In all the canneries that I visited I found the air fresh and wholesome, little or no odor being present, and there was a visible attempt at every turn to pursue sanitary methods.

In Alaska, where the fish run heavily and the catches are big, there are now being packed about 2,000,000 cases a year. Alaska red salmon are the most popular of all this kind of fish on the market, and over half the pack of the canners in that territory is of this brand. The sockeye, held in such high favor by the Puget Sound cannerymen, is also red, but there are hundreds of thousands of cases of pale-pink fish—the humpback, the Cohoe, the king, and the chum—that are packed and marketed every year. These pink fish bring a smaller price in the market, despite the fact that the men who can them try desperately to persuade the public that they are as good as the red fish. As a rule, they are softer and much inferior in other respects to those of full color. But one canner, so runs the tale, labeled his fish, "Finest Pink Salmon, Warranted not to Turn Red in the Can," and duly impressed the gullible public.

Many of the fish caught by American trapmen are hatched in Canadian waters, but are taken by the Puget Sound, San Juan, and Georgian Gulf fishers before they can return to the rivers of their birth. This is a very sore point with the Canadians, and when the run is small for the British Columbia fishermen, they grumble loudly because of "Yankee intervention." Poaching and pirating have resulted at times. For example, in the summer of 1909, when the Puget Sound trapmen were setting their webs across the courses and taking fish by the hundreds of thousands, a pirate fleet swooped down upon the American traps at Point Roberts, drove the fishermen off at the muzzle of the rifle, and coolly proceeded to haul in the fish. After they had loaded up their boats with ten thousand dollars' worth of salmon, they sailed northward and were seen no more, although American revenue cutters that went in pursuit scanned the waters closely in search of them. Armed guards were placed at every trap in the waters of Puget Sound to prevent further piracy, and "Shoot to kill" was the order given them. No more attempts were made that season, but the situation between the Canadian and American fishers in certain quarters is one of the utmost rancor and hostility.

There is something in the claim of the Canadians that the Americans should not be permitted to "hog all the salmon," and that this fact is recognized by our Government is shown by its attempts to placate its northern neighbor. One of these efforts has taken practical shape in the setting up of an American hatchery on Canadian soil, with the consent of the Canadian Government, on the theory that the more fish there are hatched, the more there will be for the fishermen of both countries.

The British Columbia fishermen take their salmon in much the same manner as the Americans, though there are more gill-netters at work in northern waters. The tourist who takes passage from Victoria to Juneau and Sitka in the summertime can sit on the steamer's deck and see a splendid series of moving pictures—the fisher boats following the gill-nets along the quiet channel, the hauling in of the fish, and the heaped-up boats sailing toward the cannery docks. Such a scene I witnessed in the Inland Passage to Alaska a few years ago, and for picturesque interest it surpassed anything of the sort I have seen elsewhere. Along the pine-fringed shore the summer haze was shot through by a sun that did not set before ten o'clock. Its burning rays glorified the gently moving boats that blurred out in a long line, extending, as it seemed, to the top of the world, for here one always has a sense of high latitude. Bright skeins of color were woven through the mist and were reflected in a ruddy glow upon the tide, and, standing out against the pink and purple rays, the swarthy Italians, upright in their boats, sang as they worked, pulling in their nets or casting them into the sea in long, graceful circles, the glistening black floats dotting the water like gigantic strings of jet beads. I heard a rich, vibrant voice ring out in "La Donna é Mobile," and I thought that, if I were a fisherman, I would rather throw in my lot with these men than with any others. For here, it seemed, was a fairy sea, and the whole business of fishing, which looks at times, as Kipling has truly said, like "black and bloody murder," was hallowed and justified by the artistic sense, if by no other; and here every fisherman was a poet.

The Old West in Pageant

By William Hard

Illustrated with Photographs taken for The Outlook by Messrs. Burke and Atwell

APPROPRIATELY, it was Indian summer. And in that revival of warmth interpolated into the year's decline the figures of aboriginal American heroes moved across the campus of Northwestern University as if summoned by the season to enjoy a brief respite from their approaching winter of oblivion.

So immediate a popularity, however, did these visitants from the past achieve that their return to contemporary life is likely to be invoked by many other poets on behalf of many other audiences throughout the West. The pageant as a vehicle for the carrying of local tradition to the eyes and hearts of the present generation may possibly establish itself as firmly in Western America as in England. Already there are plans (vague in form, but definite in purpose) for a Chicago City Pageant which will have thousands of participants, which will be enacted on successive nights in the large public parks, and which will give to the striking incidents of the history of the city a commemoration both spectacular and poetical.

Especially poetical. Just at that point emerged the most surprising feature of the Historical Pageant of Illinois. Can poetry issue from the history of Chicago, Apollo spring lyre-armed from the brow of Mammon? Robert Browning could have made answer:

"If we have souls, know how to see and use,
One place performs, like any other place,
The proper service every place on earth
Was framed to furnish man with; serves alike
To give him note that, through the place he sees,
A place is signified he never saw."

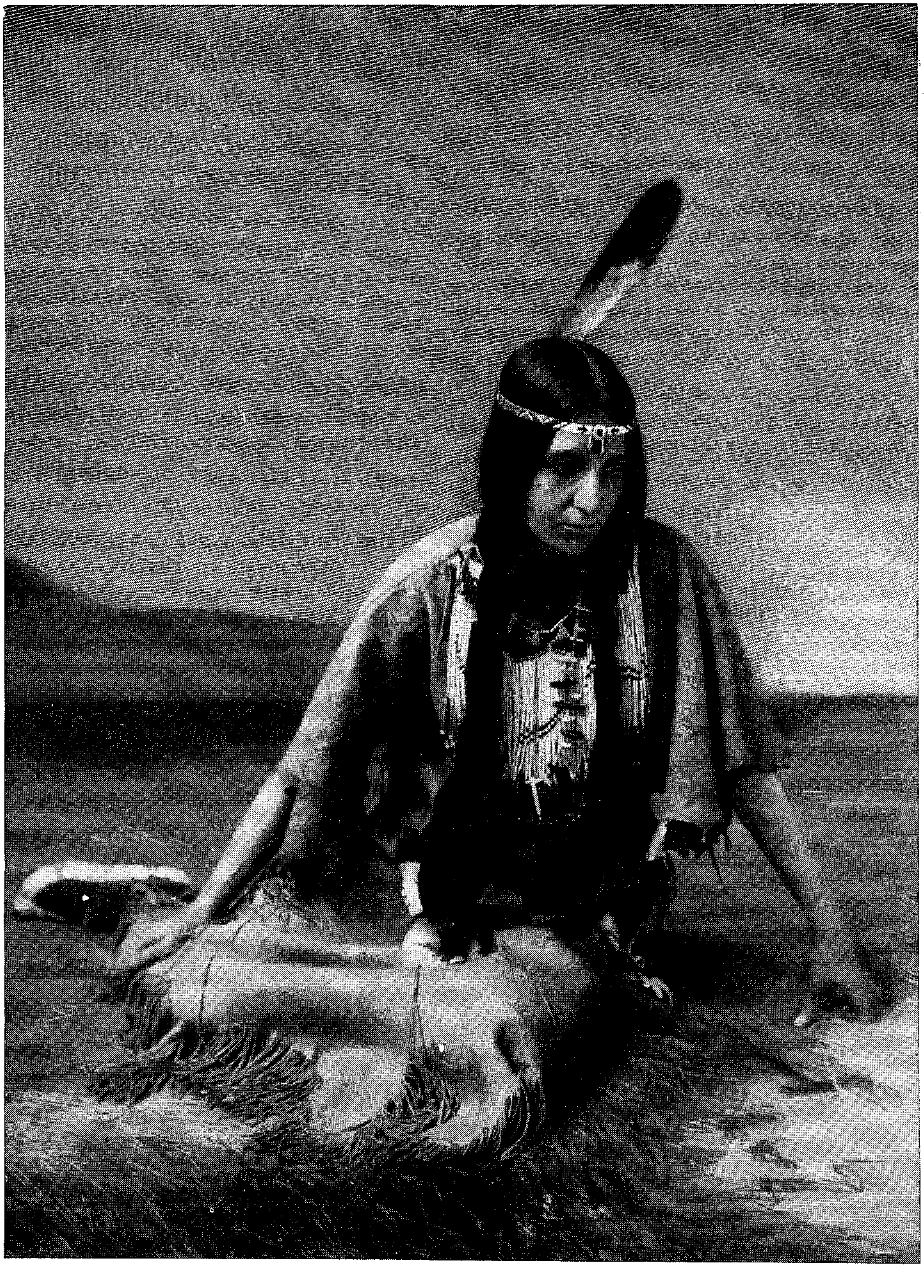
All roads lead to Parnassus for those who "know how to see," and all scenery *en route* changes shape and color with the angle of destination.

Certain it is, at any rate, that the Historical Pageant of Illinois, while far from deficient in spectacular effects, was especially noteworthy for its vein of poetic and dramatic sentiment. Certain it is, also, that while most pageant audiences in England have gaped their widest at ingenious mechanical illusions or at enormous mass-plays of multitudinous performers, the Chicago audiences which *heard* as well as *saw* the Historical Pageant of Illinois reserved their warmest approbation for the blank-verse monologues prefixed by the author of the piece to several of his prose scenes.

This unexpected "Triumph of Poesy" must be credited equally to the author, Thomas Wood Stevens, and to Donald Robertson, who spoke the blank-verse monologues with as intricate and effective a vocal art as a grand opera singer could bestow on recitative. Mr. Robertson's play-acting has its adverse critics. There can be none for his poetry-reading. It is a revelation and a prophecy of the possibilities in America of the long-speeched, slow-actioned poetic drama. On the nights of the Historical Pageant of Illinois Mr. Robertson revived in person, as the pageant itself revived in environment, the Age of the Spoken Word.

The stage, of banked earth backed with trees, lay dark. To the right, ten feet above stage level, was a narrow niche, like a niche in a cathedral; defined, however, not by lines of masonry but by lines of foliage. In this green framing, lustrous under the shine of concealed lights, appeared White Cloud, last in the succession of Indian prophets, lustrous himself in gleam of bone breast-plate, glow of bronzed cheek, flash of beaded wristlets, and flare of white head-feathers—White Cloud speaking through Donald Robertson and conjuring back, with the magic of his medicine, each historic scene presently to fill the stage with light and action.

Three thousand auditors on each of



THE MAPLE-SUGAR MAIDEN IN THE INDIAN ENCAMPMENT

three nights heard White Cloud's appeal to the tree god:

"Manitou of the Oak, I call on thee,
For thou dost take the scalp-locks of dead years
To hang them in thy crimson autumn hood,
And, living long, dost feed upon the hearts
Of the brave springs that sing beneath thy shade.
Thou dost remember!"

So he brought back the days

"When there had come no paleface to our lands
And our unhindered rivers were not shamed
With any burden of our enemies."

And so he brought back the after days when pale-faced adventurers penetrated the hunting-grounds of the Illinois on their

THE PANORAMA

way to the sunset and the still-receding waters of the Ocean of the West:

"Seeking the paths that we had never trod,
Searching the blue horizons for some grim
And desolate issue to forbidden seas."

The melody of these lines was welcomed with an enthusiasm well worthy the attention of the purveyors of dramatic entertainment in America, and there was no subsidence of interest, but rather a heightening of it, during White Cloud's long poetic similes, such as that in which he likened the "idle pale-faced quest" for the Western Ocean to the Indian quest for the "Bear who never Dies:"

"So the four hunters in our mystic tale
Pursue each year the Bear who never Dies,
And stain the leaves of autumn with his blood
Till all the oaks and maples flame with woe
And the still snows come down on them like sleep.
But in the spring the Bear awakes, his wounds
Healed, and the hunters take their bows and strike
The chase that follows through the fruitless years."

The peak of the evening, rising above all costumes, dances, raids, retreats, torchlights, muskets, massacres, and other high points of ocular pleasure, came in White Cloud's monologue introducing the La Salle scene and ending with a direct address to the audience:

"La Salle and Tonty of the Iron Hand,
Great captains in this idle paleface quest,
Came hither long ago and claimed the ground
For some old king beyond the sunrise. These
Were strong-heart men, the Finders of the Way,
Who hunted the great rivers to their ends;
Stern foes, whom fear could never shake. Behold,
Wan children of the sheltered lodges, these
Who faced the mystery with dauntless eyes
And trod our trails out with intrepid feet,
The Captains of the White Man's Outer March!"

Nevertheless, a good pageant must have much in it besides poetry. And since the pageant as an institution is both diverting and instructive, and since it promises to have a widespread and long-continued vogue, it may be here set down for its future guidance that it should keep its feet widely separated, one in the closet of the dramatic poet and the other in the designing room of the amusement-park showman. Further, if lack of personal acquaintanceship did not prevent, there would be here a friendly injunction laid on Mr. Stephen Phillips and Mr. Frederick Thompson (for instance) that they immediately take counsel together with regard to a pageant, Mr. Phillips to furnish

OF THE ACTION

verses of the recitative sort, as in his tragedies, and Mr. Thompson to contribute scenic effects for which Luna Park and the Hippodrome have been helpful preliminary studies. Such a collaboration on the subject, say, of the Wars of the Roses for presentation on Bosworth Field, or on the subject of the Massachusetts Minutemen for presentation at Lexington, would constitute a national event.

In the case of the Historical Pageant of Illinois, Mr. Thomas Wood Stevens was not only poet but showman too, with the assistance, in some matters, of Mrs. Harry Patten, projector and manager of the whole entertainment. (Incidentally may be noted a happy inversion of the customary respective duties of the sexes in Western America in that the business administration of this affair was in the hands of a woman, while æsthetic embroidery, such as blank verse, was confided to a man.)

Business administration laid hold of the visitor to the Historical Pageant of Illinois as soon as he had been locked through the Main Gate of the Northwestern University Campus, and convoyed him through the dark dangers of the university oak groves down along a brilliant gravel-bedded channel, the course of which was marked by carnival torches and the banks of which were adorned with certain encampments. Each of these encampments was inhabited by lovely ladies who clustered about canvas-covered pioneer wagons and simulated the advance of emigrants from the thirteen Atlantic colonies into the Western wilderness.

However desirable, it seemed doubtful if much winning of the primitive West would be accomplished by emigrant ladies from New York in short blue worsted skirts, white aprons edged with blue stenciled tulips, laced velvet bodices, scarlet capes, white cotton stockings, and wooden shoes, particularly if they persisted in carrying the additional impedimentum of a wooden yoke with a pail pendent on each side. It appeared later, however, that what they were about to win was the West of to-day through an exchange of trivial edible commodities for a large percentage of the wealth so far accumulated in the Mississippi Valley. This purpose they and their sisters from the other thrifty Eastern commonwealths accomplished so successfully as to establish a tentative rule for future pageants, viz.:

Pageants are expensive to produce, but, if their side shows are attractive, they can be made to yield satisfactory profits.

The Historical Pageant of Illinois turned several thousand dollars into the treasury of the Northwestern University Settlement.

By the time the visitor had consumed the native products of the thirteen colonial

"WHITE CLOUD" (DONALD ROBERTSON), IN A MONOLOGUE INTRODUCING THE LAST HALF OF THE PAGEANT, *DESCRIBES THE CHANGE FROM THE* FRENCHMEN TO THE "LONG KNIVES"

ports along the banks of the gravel-bedded channel, and had arrived at the fourteenth port, the encampment of Indians, he was within sight of his final haven. Tarrying for a moment to take on board a consignment of maple-sugar candy delivered to him off a block of ice by an Indian damsel, he looked ahead and observed an inclosure at one end of which was a raised earth stage and at the other an arc of football bleachers, the level space in between being filled with chairs in railed boxes and by other chairs more humbly disposed in unprotected rows.

White Cloud, aloft in his lighted niche, was concluding his introductory monologue, "Oak, I bid thee speak." Darkness shut him off with his last word, and some six thousand hands in the audience provided an interlude till new lights blazed out on the stage itself and revealed the first of the six scenes of the action of the pageant.

Of spectacle there then ensued a plenty. But let it be taken for granted. It cannot well be transferred to paper. What calls for comment here is rather the skill with which the author seized on six important periods in the early development of Illinois, distilled them into six dramatic moments, and furnished his auditors with six draughts of history that were pleasant to take; and not only pleasant but profitably antidotal to the violent contemporariness of this newspaper age. There were few visitors but departed with a larger realization of the permanent historical background of their own transient occupancy of Illinois land. Wherefore this pageant did what every good pageant should do, besides being poetical and spectacular: it warmly fostered our understanding acquaintance with our neighbors in space and time who trod our fields before us. Teachers of history in schools and colleges could ask for no more effective method of making the dead past live for the rising generation.

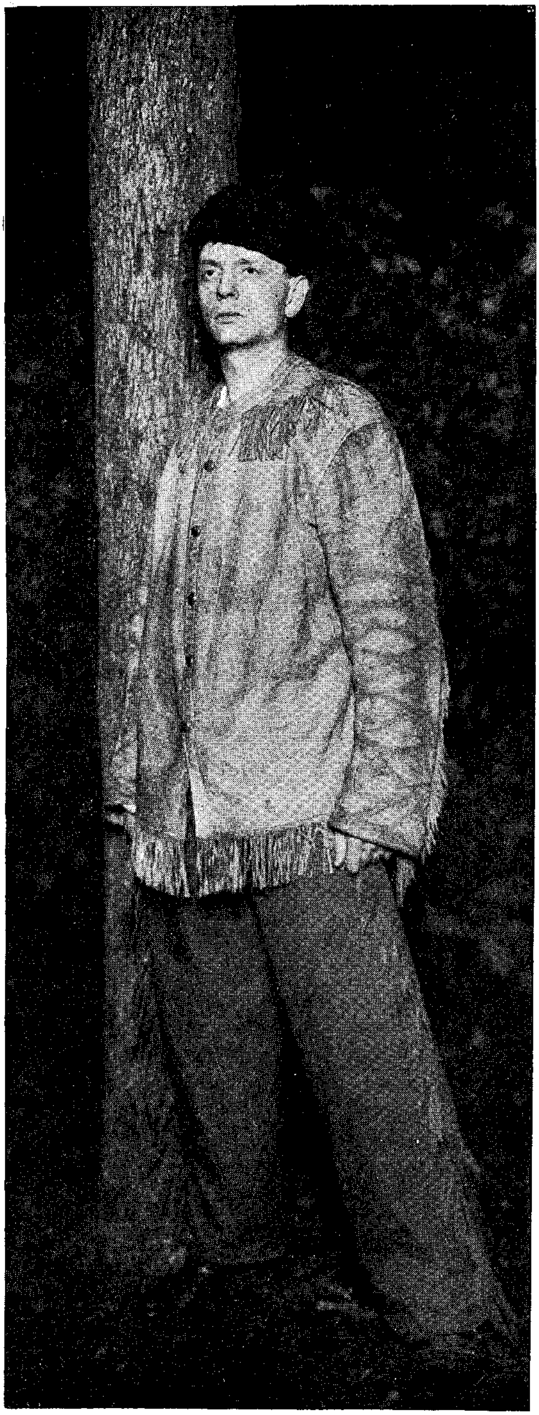
The first scene in the Historical Pageant of Illinois is Religion's. The Great Sachem of the Illinois, entering a village of Pottawatomies, demands their help against the Miamis, by whose hands the peace-posts have been blackened. But the Miamis have been armed by friendly palefaces with thunder weapons. It would be wise, therefore, for the Illinois and the Pottawatomies to seek out friends of their own among the palefaces and to secure from them similar gifts.

With the Indians in this state of mind, a messenger announces "The Black-Gown." Father Marquette enters and is greeted with extremest courtesy by the Great Sachem of the Illinois, who gives him his little son as proof of his friendship, and then, "Black-Gown," says the Great Sachem, "one medicine I ask of thee. Give us weapons that we may defend our lodges and our women."

It is a dramatic dilemma. The priest meets it bravely. "If I gave you weapons, you would kill the Miamis, who are my children also." In place of muskets he brings in then a great cross of birch-wood, which he sets up amid the threats of the Indians. "The rains will rot it down and the snows will cover it," sneers the Great Sachem. "Not so," comes the priest's reply, "for it shall be in your hearts." His passionate preaching of God and of the law of Christ, "which is the law of love," wins the Indians, and the lights fade from the first scene with the Jesuit missionary standing by his cross and the Indians dropping to their knees about it.

Then White Cloud:

"Peaceful the Black-Gown came.
We welcomed him.
For he was patient, brave, and kind. He lives
In drowsy annals of our winter nights.
But those who followed in the Black-Gown's trail—"



"IN THE CASE OF THE HISTORICAL PAGEANT OF ILLINOIS, MR. THOMAS WOOD STEVENS WAS NOT ONLY POET BUT SHOWMAN"

FATHER MARQUETTE, IN THE FIRST SCENE OF THE PAGEANT, PREACHING TO THE POTTAWATOMIES

Ah, they are different! The second scene shows one of them—La Salle. After the Missionary, the Explorer. It is the spread of the wedge. But, while not beneficent like the missionary, neither is the explorer malignant. All he wants is to be allowed to pass through and on. The Illinois endeavor to dissuade him with tales of serpents and bottomless waterfalls. He persists. He quells a mutiny among his own men and resumes his march. He pauses long enough, however, to repeat a certain formula. It is familiar enough from the books. But the measureless assurance of it, the chilled-steel face and icy nerve of it, never reveals itself in all its wonder till you have a visualization before you on the stage of a lonely European traveler informing several hundred persons who are entertaining him beside their own hearths that he is taking possession of "this land of the Illinois, and of all countries, lakes, and streams adjacent thereunto, in the name of the Most High, Mighty, and Redoubted Monarch, Louis the Fourteenth, Most Christian King of France and Navarre."

The third scene completes the first two, and rounds off the first half of the pageant. After Religion and Exploration, Liquor! Pontiac is the commanding figure of the scene. He rouses the Indians against the English. "The English say that the French have given them the land. But this could never be, since we have never sold the land." Let the war dance begin. And let the great war belt, woven with the totems of seven-and-forty tribes, be carried through the Mississippi Valley. Pontiac, noble in bearing and in speech, reproaches Neyon, the French commandant, for his acquiescence in the triumph of the English, wants to know if the French King's scalp hangs in the lodge of the English, and turns to his followers to support him. They have been making ready for the war. But among their preparations has been the broaching of a cask of brandy. As Pontiac turns to them, they stagger forward, screaming and laughing. One of them lurches against him, clings to him for a moment, drunkenly affectionate, and then falls at his feet. The hero of heroes, last hope of the Indians, stands silent, looking down at the prostrate figure of his race. The stage turns dark.

The fourth, fifth, and sixth scenes are

placed in the era of the American pioneers, known to the Indians as "Long Knives." White Cloud, in the monologue introducing the last half of the pageant, describes the change:

"The Frenchmen passed; they were our friends and brothers:
The English followed and were foes to us:
But last the Long Knives, folk we never knew,
And never loved, and never understood.
They seized our soil and with unresting plows
Made our broad prairies burn with yellow grain,
So they grew rich."

The practical efficiency of the Long Knives and their bold humor are nicely developed. In the fourth scene George Rogers Clark, advancing into Illinois from Virginia, surrounds Kaskaskia, leaves his men outside, and amuses himself by entering the town alone and attending a ball then being given by the commandant of the garrison. When this affair is at its happiest, he is observed, leaning against a tree, in the uniform of a Virginia colonel, elaborately exact in every detail except boots, which are missing, their place being comfortably taken by moccasins. When discovered, he calls in his men, demands the sword of the commandant, and insists on the continuation of the festivities, cheering the fiddler by observing: "You shall fiddle to-night under the flag of Virginia, sir. Strike your strings."

This nonchalance of the Americans meets with tragic requital in the fifth scene, in which they violate their treaties with the Indians and then start to go through hostile country from Fort Dearborn (Chicago) to Fort Wayne, in Indiana. They are driven back and massacred.

The tragedy of Fort Dearborn is followed, in the sixth scene, by the comedy of the Black Hawk War of 1832. Captain Isaiah Stillman's company of volunteers is in camp. The scene begins with this dialogue:

A Soldier. Look here, Captain, I want to go home overnight.

Stillman. Where do you live?

Soldier. Down below Dixon's.

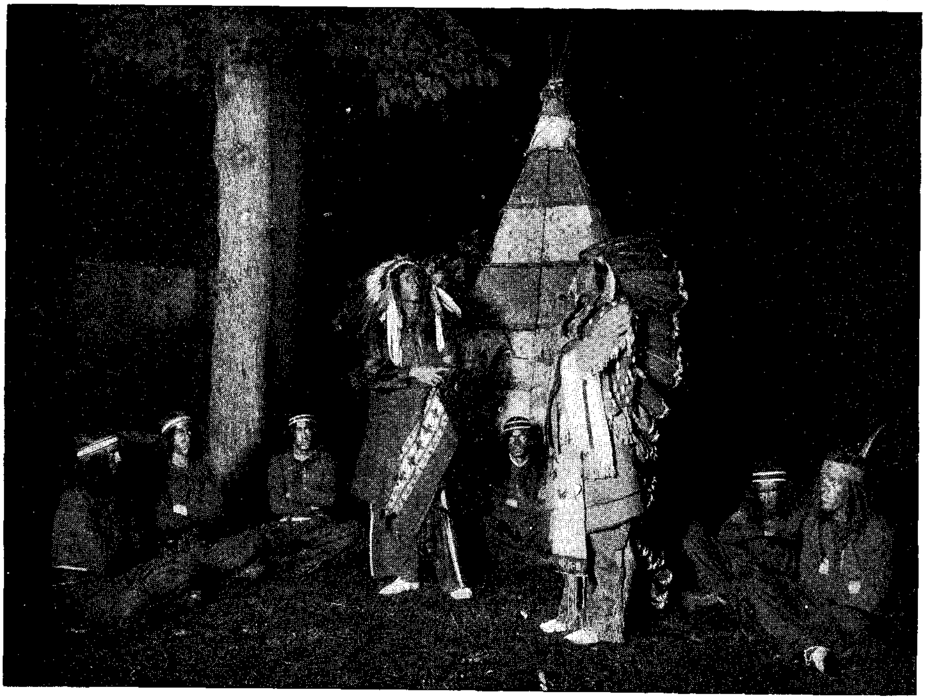
Stillman. You mean you want to go home over to-morrow night.

Soldier. Well, I 'low I could get back in two or three days.

Stillman. Now, I can't have this. What if Black Hawk should attack us?

Soldier. I 'spose it would be kind o' awkward for you if the Indians should come and scalp us and we wasn't all on hand.

(Enter a young trooper, Abe Lincoln.)



PONTIAC, IN THE THIRD SCENE, AT A COUNCIL OF THE ILLINOIS

Trooper. How do, Captain? Seen any real live fightin' Indians?
Stillman. No.
Trooper. Neither have I.
Soldier. Do I go or don't I, Cap?
Stillman. Oh, go!

The scene ends with Captain Isaiah Stillman's company of volunteers retreating rapidly, assisted by Indians.

The irreverent whimsicalities of the American frontiersmen in this last scene make a grating anticlimax for a drama which began with the grandeur of the Marquette scene. And there is only a superficial veracity in that kind of contrast between the French and the American periods in the history of Illinois. White Cloud's concluding monologue, however, does something to bring the performance back to key:

"We come from barren victories to beg
For food. And while we stand aside and sulk,
Desiring war but never daring it,
The paleface beaver people build their dams,
Their furrows creep across the hunting-grounds,
And foolish treaties bind us to our woe;
For beaver work stands firm against the frost
While eagles fly before the winter stars.
We watch the leafage of our state drift down
While here they build another, fashioned strong
By laws we may not learn and mysteries
They offer us too late."

The fate of the Indians is the thread that runs through the Historical Pageant of Illinois and holds its scenes together. It is a thread which will lose strength and color rapidly in the years to come. Already the Indians are, in mental effect, prehistoric. The accident of propinquity can never give them much value for us. They were; they are not; all is as if they never had been. The continent might as well have been vacant.

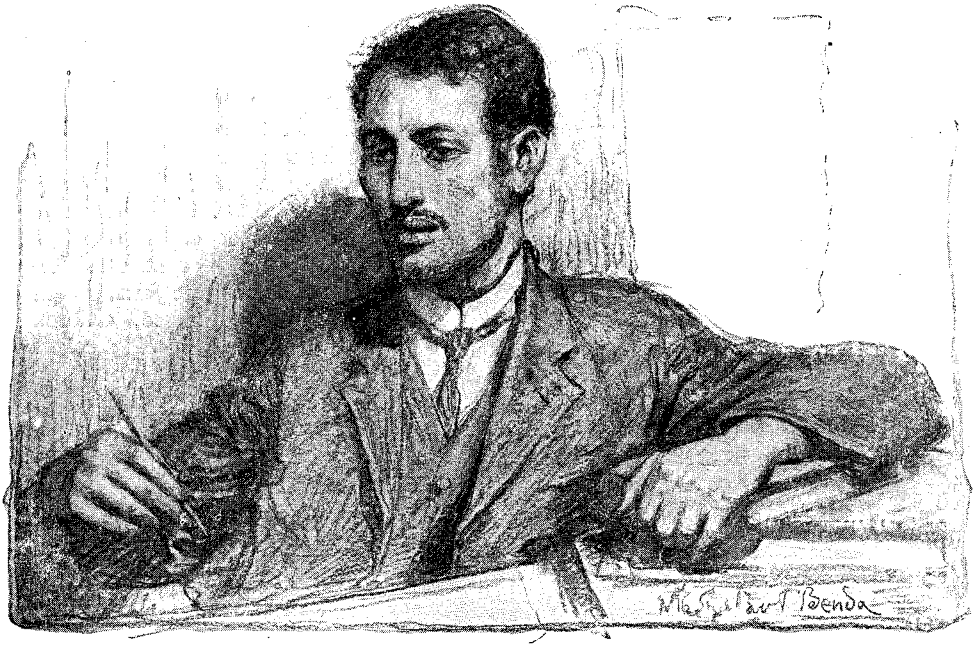
We are much closer to the prehistoric peoples of Europe than to the Indians. And even the prehistoric peoples of Europe, our own ancestors, refuse to hold much converse with us. Mr. Kipling, greatest of interviewers, did his best in that case, and his truest conclusion was that—

"Of all the tribe of Tegumai
Who cut that figure none remain.
On Merrow Down the cuckoos cry;
The silence and the sun remain."

The Indians have left us the silence and the sun. One would like to see a Western outdoor dramatic festival in which the thread of main interest was furnished by men who have left us a real heritage of character and of temperament. One would like to see a Pageant of Pioneers. The Western universities have collected millions of details about the men who conquered the West, all the way from unschooled Daniel Boone, exploring forests and fighting Indians by joyous instinct, down to scholarly John Wesley Powell, enduring equal fatigues and dangers down the Cañon of the Colorado in the service of science.

The subject is richly various in personalities. The stacks of the Historical Library at the University of Wisconsin are inhabited by hundreds of romantic book-bound prisoners. They need exercise over the lovely hills and about the lovely lakes of Madison. What a company and what a stage!

And there are many other towns and many other libraries with similar if not equal resources for recurrent historical festivals which would establish our local heroes firmly in local veneration and which would make the pageant a splendidly worthy form of art and medium of education.



David Kaplan: Russian Jew

By Walter E. Weyl

With Drawings by Wladyslaw T. Benda

"PROVIDED the poor among them do not become a burden to the community, but shall be supported by their own nation." Such was the proviso of the Dutch West India Company when, on April 20, 1655, it granted permission to the Jews to settle in New Amsterdam.

Had old Peter Stuyvesant, who was no friend to the Jews, fallen asleep and awakened, like another Rip Van Winkle, after a nap of ten generations, he would have found the Jews still coming, and he would have seen that the condition of the grant was still maintained. Though the first hundreds of Jews became thousands, then tens of thousands and hundreds of thousands, until at last there are almost two millions of them in America, still no Jew was ever buried in Potter's Field; still, even to-day, the poor among them are not a burden to the community, but are supported by their own nation. From the first the Jew has gained and maintained his foothold. Since the beginning the Jew has paid his way.

In the tranquil, long-ago days when the first Jews came to America it was easier to gain a foothold. The Spanish and Portuguese Jews from Portugal, Holland, Brazil, and Dutch South America—those men of one race but all nations—easily found a place in the free, expanding business, public, and cultural life of the Colonies. The Jews played their part in Colonial history, in the Revolutionary War, in the upbuilding of the thirteen States which formed a new Nation.

Then, early in the nineteenth century, came the strong, steady stream of German Jews, escaping from the narrow life of backward villages and the sullen reaction of petty, stupid despots. After the unsuccessful German Revolution of 1848 this immigration swelled to a mighty west-bound current. Still, compared to America's widening commerce, the quarter of a million of Spanish and German

Jews seemed but a handful, and by 1881 they had been easily absorbed in America's industrial life. In commerce, manufacturing, politics, science, and the professions the Jew had made his way.

The newer Jewish immigrants from Russia, Rumania, Galicia, and Hungary face a harder problem. There are more of them; in a single year more Jewish immigrants arrive than there were Jews in all America at the outbreak of the Civil War. The immigrant's progress is now harder. We are no longer at the stage of small enterprises, where the peddler's pack may contain the future department store. The transition from the bottom to the top is not so easy. There are more people at the bottom, and fewer, though more dazzling, places at the top. The newer immigrant, be he Jew or Gentile, may well be satisfied with gaining even a foothold.

The Jewish immigrant of to-day is far more heavily handicapped than was his predecessor. He arrives penniless, untrained in modern industry, with nothing but energy and a high resolve to succeed. The very persecution from which he has fled from Russia and Rumania accompanies him to America as an added obstacle. This Jew from Eastern Europe has suffered longer than have his co-religionists from the laming effects of the Dispersion of eighteen hundred years ago. From one land after another he has been expelled. The Crusades drove him from Germany to Poland, where, as his numbers increased and his industrial opportunities narrowed, his lot grew steadily worse. Then, a century and a half ago, Poland ceased to exist, and the Polish Jews came under the Russian boot. Occasionally there was an alleviation of the universal, increasing cruelty, but steadily the heel of Russia crushed and deformed when it did not utterly destroy. The vast Russian Empire was big enough for all, but Russia was not free to the despised and disinherited Jew. In his narrow pale, shut off from the land, excluded from the trades and professions, debarred from the schools and universities, burdened with excessive taxes and crippling exactions, destroyed by his own fecundity, the Jew became increasingly abject and miserable.

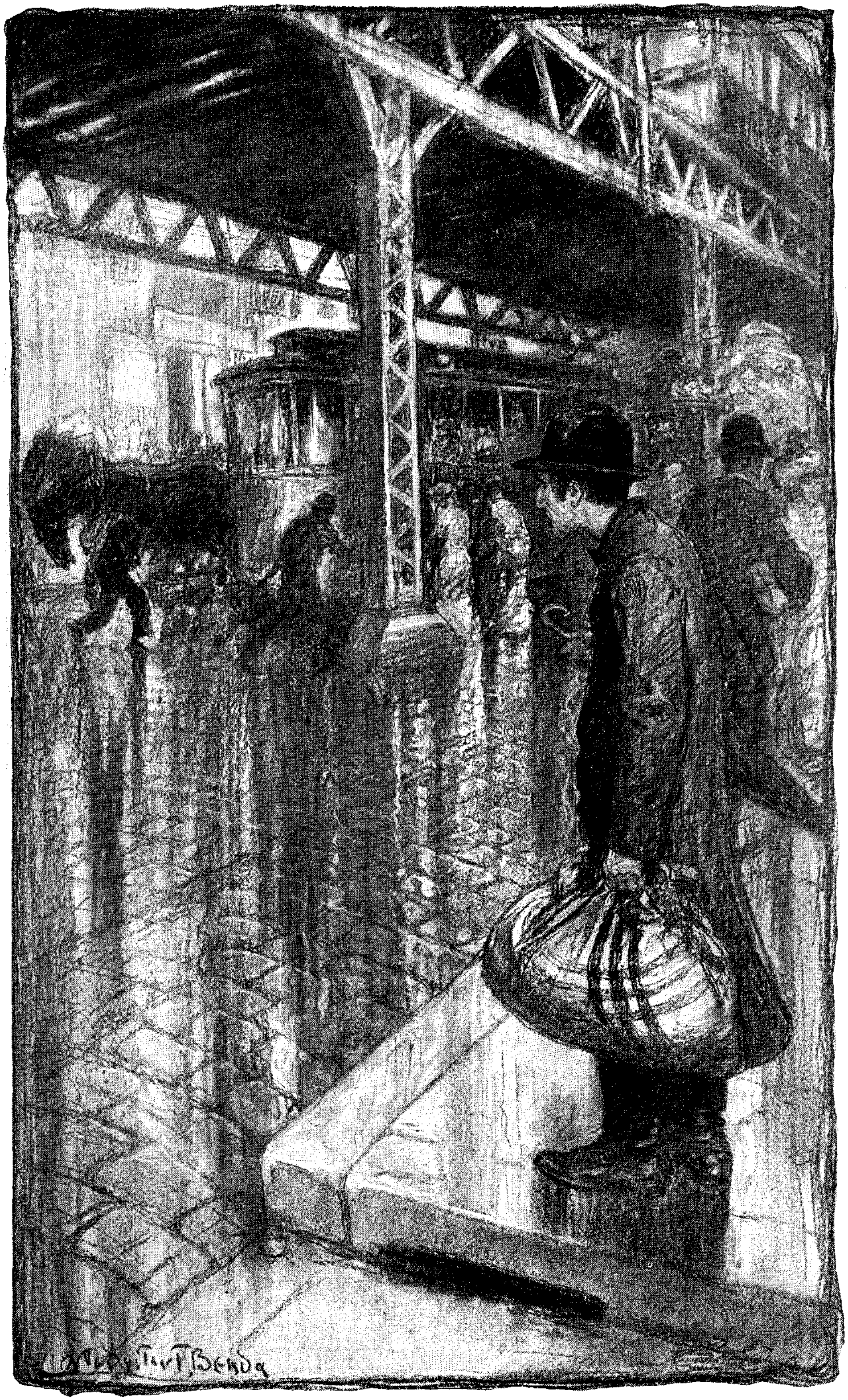
For a generation the stream of immigration has flowed from the crowded ghettos of Russia to the larger and even more crowded ghettos of America. A million and a quarter have already come; from a hundred to a hundred and fifty thousand come yearly. To the driving force of hunger the Russian Government adds the terror of persecution. The bureaucracy incites, or at least permits, brutal riots against the Jews. Men are killed, women outraged, children orphaned, and when the spring comes the immigrant ships bound for America are loaded down with thousands of stricken, fleeing emigrants.

We must remember this past of the Jewish immigrant to America if we are rightly to estimate his present. Other persecuted sects, the Puritans, the Quakers, the Huguenots, the Catholics of Maryland, came to America under a similar barbarous pressure, and these peoples in the wilds of the new land cleared for themselves a place in which to grow up and live. Still, the emigration of men who would not ordinarily emigrate, but are forced to this step by cruelty and repression, brings to the country thousands without preparation, without expectation, without money.

There was not a dollar in the deep pockets of young David Kaplan when, in December, 1894, he landed at the pier in New York. From him were no pickings for the importunate runners and truckmen, and David, with the immunity of penury, marched through their ranks. Then, by use of his few English words, he made his way to the Ghetto of the lower East Side.

It was a curious world into which the immigrant from the dull South Russian village had come. The young man closed his black eyes to shut out the sight of the dizzy, maddening rush; he put his thumbs into his ears to avert the crash of the thundering, deafening elevated railway. It all seemed titanic, grandiose, a bewildering hive of inexplicable beings, a thing different from anything ever before seen or imagined.

Yet within an hour the great panorama had dissolved into separate little pictures, and the wonderful new began to merge into a familiar old. The tremulous ex-



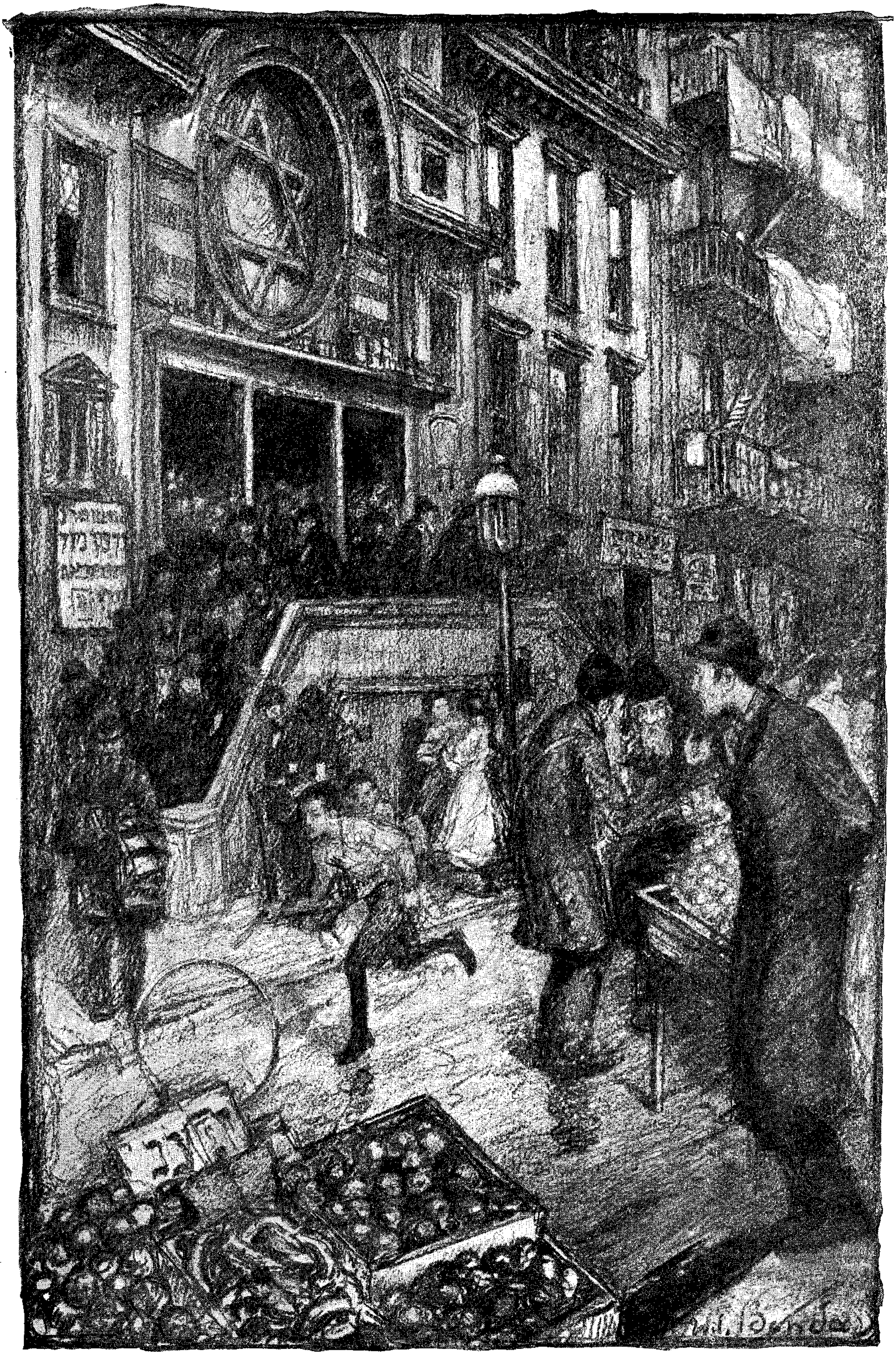
"IT ALL SEEMED TITANIC, GRANDIOSE, A BEWILDERING HIVE OF INEXPLICABLE BEINGS, A THING DIFFERENT FROM ANYTHING EVER BEFORE SEEN OR IMAGINED" altation of the first moments declined to a moderated interest in this new-old world, which was so American and transcendental and still so Jewish. Wheresoever he looked, David perceived that he was in a land of Jews, in a new Jerusalem greater by far than the Jerusalem which a King of his name had ruled. The immigrant, transfixed at the corner of two turbulent streets, let his eyes wander to the high, frowning tenements, the snow-littered fire-escapes, the blue and brown and red and pink and green and white of the drying clothes strung out upon meshes of clothes-line across the numerous courts and quadrangles. The whole face of the street was made up of little shops, each flaunting its Hebrew-lettered sign. In front of the London Gents' Furnishing Shop David loitered, listening to scraps of his familiar Yiddish. A dark-eyed, black-bearded man of sixty, with small curls escaping from an enormous hat, with shiny ragged overcoat and low yellow shoes, spoke in a dialect of the Kieff Ghetto with a gray-shawled, bewigged, somnolent old woman. Then they both haggled over the price of an over-starched shirt with the push-cart man, who munched an apple as he talked and looked at his customers with the eagerness of a sly, greedy monkey. The synagogue at the corner emitted a file of black-clad men, some with the high-cheeked Tartar face, others broad-browed, long-nosed, with that pervasive gravity of the Jew that seems to record a millennium of persecution. Of a sudden, a crowd of laughing, red-cheeked Jewish children came rushing from the neighboring street. How new and bewilderingly strange it was, and yet how superlatively familiar!

A month after David's arrival he was sleeping in stables. It had been a hard month, not alone for the immigrant, but for all the teeming millions of New York and America. The first word heard in New York—the fateful word panic—still rang in David's ears; the depression still lay heavy upon the country. The Lord had averted his face, and the whole land had slumped in a hopeless sense of impotence.

That first month in America had been for David thirty ages of progressive disillusionment. It seemed to him that the land of promise had been blighted by a curse; that his own history and the history of his people were to end in this hopeless, ruthless struggle for bread. He heard vaguely of riots and bloody clashes, of failing doles to the poor, of women starving in cold tenements and men terminating their despair at a rope's end. From every one he asked in his budding English for a job, any job, anything to buy a loaf of bread from the tenement baker. He began to fear this relentless land, where the voice of kindness was drowned in the roar of rasping machines and the outraged shrieks of hungry men. He feared the sullen line of famished men waiting at the factory door; he feared the police, who drove him from his sleeping-places; he feared even more a sudden, surly something in himself that might lead him he knew not whither. He was a hunted, famished beast in an alien jungle.

Then his chance came. It was a small job—to watch the books of a cellar book-dealer. Still, it was enough to keep body and soul together; and with food in your stomach and a coat on your back, a great new world is a very absorbing pantomime to a very young man. The bookseller, a stooping, bespectacled intellectual, had an attenuated business, enough only to support himself until his consumption should kill him. He was a Socialist—as who is not who deals in books in an ill-lighted cellar?—and he had much to tell of the evil of to-day and the good of to-morrow. David gasped as he heard the man's doctrines, and his naïve ignorance crumbled before the careless blows of this formidable disputant. Still, though David became a quasi-Socialist through mere intellectual pressure, he was only half convinced by arguments that he could not answer. As the bookseller tersely epitomized it, "You will never be a Socialist, Kaplan. You have not the brains."

David hadn't. Even later, when he had gained his foothold and learned something of Western knowledge, he did not have the acumen or the preternatural quickness of those who spend tumultuous evenings in the intellectual lists of the East Side cafés. Still, he gained something. There was born in him a vague, undefined longing for a something better—better for the Children of Israel,



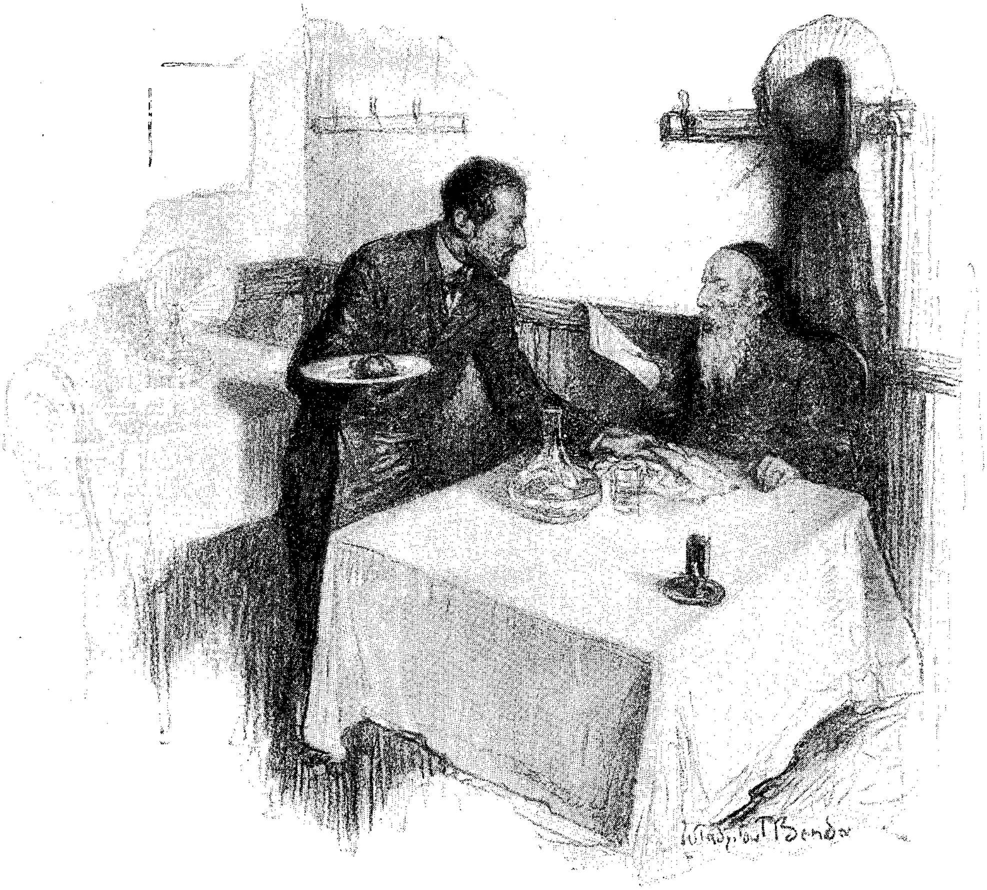
"THE SYNAGOGUE AT THE CORNER EMITTED A FILE OF BLACK-CLAD MEN, SOME WITH HIGH-CHEEKED TARTAR FACE, OTHERS BROAD-BROWED, LONG-NOSED, WITH THAT PERVASIVE GRAVITY OF THE JEW THAT SEEMS TO RECORD A MILLENNIUM OF PERSECUTION" better for the Children of Men. At night, in his small, dark room, he pondered dully on the cloud that hung over America, and in the end he worked out a plan. He enrolled himself in a night school.

All Jews go to the night school; all Jews spend the last remnants of the day's strength in learning and learning. At least it seemed so to David. The Jews whom he met in the book-store, on the street, in his tenement home, in the ice-cream parlor, in the synagogue which he perfunctorily visited, in the social club of which he was an unhonored member, even the casual acquaintances picked up on a Coney Island boat, one and all, sweat-shop hand, cigar-roller, baker, butcher, bricklayer, clerk, peddler, and errand-boy, without exception, all had gone, were going, or were about to go to the night school. The great white building, about which even the Yiddish newspapers wrote, seemed to David the repository of an inexhaustible knowledge without money and without price. The curse on America seemed to lift; America at least was the land of the night school.

At seven-thirty the next evening David was seated at a small boy's desk in a crowded class. On his right hand was a dull-eyed graybeard with horn spectacles at the end of a long nose, whose stiff old fingers were now writing English letters, though a month ago he had known no word of that tongue. On David's left was an undersized, ferret-faced, old-looking boy of sixteen, who in three months had learned as much in his two-hour sessions at the night school as in his ten hours' daily work in the little East Side printing office. In front of David sat a dignified man with high, intellectual forehead, straight, sharp-cut nose, wide, frank eyes, and a well-trimmed beard, who, though two days before he had never beheld America, now followed the teacher with a painful, intent absorption. In all this crowded room of Jews, young and old, there was nothing to break the perfect unison of devout attention shown by all.

Within a quarter of an hour David was avidly absorbing a new knowledge, which included the duties of citizens and of city officials, a schedule of weights and measures and directions, an epitome of local geography, and a series of proverbs of unimpeachable patriotism. The words which David had heard in the book-store acquired an esoteric significance when appearing in the round, current handwriting of the inspired young teacher. When at last the evening closed with the singing in chorus of "My country, 'tis of thee," the tears rose to David's eyes. Not one evening during all his two-year course did David miss his lesson, though what he then learned was as nothing compared to the wider knowledge which in after years his relative mastery of English enabled him to acquire.

On the day that David left the night school he embarked on a new venture. During his three years in America he had saved four hundred dollars, and no less than 1,095 times, or once for each day, had he asked himself the momentous question, "What shall I do with my money when I get it?" In the early days his ambitions had scaled no higher than the push-cart business, in which at least you were your own boss. As he watched the long files of peripatetic merchants he thought, "If I can but find something that is not yet sold!" But he soon discovered that on push-carts, those department stores on wheels, everything vendible created by the Almighty was for sale. Some push-carts sold only suspenders. "There are not shoulders enough in all America," thought David, "even though the women and babies were to wear trousers." Other push-carts sold shoes; others household furnishings, cups, plates, forks, spoons, nutmeg-graters. Others offered straw hats, and underwear, and socks, and shirts, and ties, and handkerchiefs, and sponges, and apples, and birthday cards, and prayer-books, and *mazuzahs*, and books, and plated jewelry, and slices of sweating pineapple, and, in fact, everything. There was nothing new under the sun; the push-cart possibilities of America were exhausted. Besides, so his potential competitors told him, the life of the push-cart man was unworthy and sub-human. The policeman grafted, the storekeeper charged you for the street he did not own, the rowdies swore at you and upset your cart, and the thieving children of all the world stole your wares and spat in your face. "Better a slave with



"THERE WERE NO FRILLS ABOUT THE DINNER, NO WAITERS WITH LITTLE WHITE SHIRTS AND DRESS SUITS, NO 'ELECTRICS' OR MIRRORS, BUT VERY GOOD FOOD PREPARED BY MRS. JULIUS CÆSAR HERSELF"

a ball and chain than a peddler," thought David. "I will look higher."

No longer a "greener," but an "American" of three years' standing, no longer an unequivocal foreigner, but a man with his first papers, no longer ignorant and indigent, but equipped with English, a hundred-book library, and four hundred dollars in money, David possessed at last some range of choice. He need not close in with any offer, but might stand where he stood and wait for the knock of opportunity. He saw others who had first gained their foothold and later prospered. The great depression had passed, and as America breathed again the new hope which spread over the country from ocean to ocean found its prompt echo in the unwalled ghettoes. There was no blight upon the promised land; for Jew and Gentile there was opportunity to gain a foothold and live a life.

It was Julius Cæsar—not the ancient Roman whom the envious Casca slew, but Julius Cæsar, a modern, ultra-modern Rumanian Jew—who finally rescued David from an embarrassment of business alternatives. From his boyhood Cæsar had roamed. The Zionist fever had carried the young Rumanian Jew to Jerusalem, but when he found that "to buy land in Palestine one must cover the ground with gold pieces" he left the promised land for the ancestral land of bondage. In Alexandria he prospered, married, and begot children, but here there was no learning or morality, and so with his family he journeyed to the lands of schools. One year his children ran the streets of Naples, the next year they hobnobbed with the youngsters of Marseilles and Paris, while Julius with his Rumanian and his Yiddish and his Arabic and his Italian and his French starved on a succession of redundant trades. Then in the night a voice came to him, and on the morrow he sold a petty stock of Hebrew prayer-books, and with wife and three children shipped for America on a venture as desperate as that of the Genoese mariner.

The moment David saw Julius Cæsar he recognized in the Rumanian a born and foreordained restaurant-keeper. The very stout, very white, scrupulously bald little man, with his broad, flat nose and his twinkling gray eyes, seemed a human incarnation of a dinner-bell. You wanted to eat when you saw Julius Cæsar; you wanted to quote Omar Khayyám and reflect that, after all, to-morrow you must die. David staked his four hundred dollars against Cæsar's appearance and culinary antecedents, and soon the Divan, a subterranean restaurant owned by Julius Cæsar and David Kaplan, began an active bid for business among the denizens of the East Side.

From its beginning the business prospered. There were no frills about the Divan, no waiters with little white shirts and dress suits, no "electrics" or mirrors, but very good food, prepared by Mrs. Julius Cæsar herself. Everybody worked, and worked all the time. "You can't keep trade unless you hustle," was Cæsar's comment; "you can't run a restaurant on prayer." And thereby hung Cæsar's favorite story.

"When I was a 'greener' in America," he told David, "I opened a restaurant like this on Division Street. I did not succeed, and at the end of the year I was poorer than I was at the beginning of that year.

"Well, as you know, I am not religious, and I don't believe in all this praying business. So when one day a friend came to me and said, 'Cæsar, the Rumanians are going to build a synagogue, and we want you to buy a few tickets,' I laughed in his face. 'For why should I buy tickets?' I asked. 'Two tickets will cost me a dollar, and on a dollar we can live two days.'

"But when I got home I saw that my wife thought different. 'How much do the tickets cost?' she asked me. So I thought to myself, 'If my wife asks me how much the tickets cost, then perhaps it is that she wants me to go.' So I answered, 'Fifty cents apiece.'

"'Julius,' she said, 'we have had a very bad year. Perhaps it will be wise for you to take a ticket and go to the synagogue this Day of Atonement.'

"That was ten years ago, and even to-day they speak of me as Julius Cæsar, the man who prayed so hard on the Day of Atonement. I bought my ticket and went to the synagogue, and for three days I prayed standing up all day with my face against the wall and my arms raised. The most pious man in the world was an atheist compared to me during those three days. I prayed and I prayed and I prayed, but that was the last. May God above have such a year as the year I had after that!"

From the moment that Cæsar formed his alliance with Kaplan he did not have to pray for success. Business came. Even poor people must eat, and you can make profit on a twenty-cent *table d'hôte* if you are a foreordained restaurateur. In a year there was a second "Divan," as inviting and as profitable as the first, and in a short time Cæsar and Kaplan, now respectively father- and son-in-law, were men of substance and standing, and the "Divan" was a recognized and widely imitated institution.

Thus it was that David Kaplan, by appealing to the patrons of the twenty-cent *table d'hôte*, won success. Other Jews have come to this country as poor and have become in even fewer years as rich. Peddlers have become merchants, bookkeepers have become manufacturers, and tenement dwellers tenement owners and "real-estateniks." Jews who a generation ago were without a month's insurance against hunger now own restaurants, cigar-stores, drug-stores, shops of all kinds, factories, tenements, and the land upon which New York crowds. Where the Russian Jew once paid rent to the native landlord, he now pays to the Russian Jew—and he pays more.

Not only through trade and ownership does the Jew succeed. The German Jew was a middleman, rising to affluence through his knowledge of the market; the Jew from Eastern Europe is perforce a workman. In few city trades is the Jew unrepresented. There are Jewish carpenters, masons, painters, plasterers, plumbers, bakers, butchers, blacksmiths, machinists, coopers, and brass-workers, to say nothing of Jewish bookbinders, box-makers, engravers, printers, cap-makers, cigar-makers, photographers, upholsterers, and Jewish workmen in dozens of other trades.

The principal occupation is undoubtedly tailoring, and the working-place of tens of thousands of Jews is still the sweat-shop. But in and out of the sweated trades, from the rag-sorter to the high-priced designer, the Jew and the Jewess are making their way in American industry and gaining their foothold.

The Jew is also moving up geographically. The contemporaries of Julius Cæsar, the Rumanian, who were intolerably crowded on the lower East Side, have now gone north to the Bronx. The deserted tenements are to-day even more congested with newer immigrants, but in another dozen years their present residents will also have moved away.

It is the increase in earning capacity that has permitted this exodus from the old Ghetto. The man who twenty years ago received only twelve dollars a week may still be earning only twelve, or he may be earning two hundred, but his daughters are stenographers and school-teachers, and his sons are whatever they have the brains and luck to be. The twelve-dollar-a-week man may still be unused to American ways. He may remain a bewildered stranger in the fierce, fast life about him, and find his peace only in the quiet of the somber synagogue, where, in praying-shawl, he worships God as did his ancestors thousands of years ago. But the son, for better or worse, is an American; the daughter, though she observes the dietary laws, is not averse to people who do not, and son and daughter conspire to tear their parents from their roots in the lower East Side and carry them to Harlem, to the Bronx, to Brownsville, to the uttermost parts of the city.

This movement out of the old Ghettos of America is more than a mere change in place. It is a progress towards Occidentalism, as was the movement from Europe to America. It is a new immigration, another step towards America. It takes the immigrant from the Yiddish tongue to the English language; it brings him into touch with newer and better phases of American life. It is a token of past success and an earnest of future success.

This success is not only material. From the beginning the Jews have sought every avenue that led to education. The night schools, the public schools, the colleges and universities have received a constantly increasing quota of Jews. In all American cities the Jew, impelled by his racial love of learning, has sought the printed page.

For a time the evils of this Klondike rush for learning were almost as apparent as the good. Thousands of unprepared Jews, temperamentally unfitted for the professions, yet becoming lawyers or doctors because of the accompanying social prestige, failed in the despairing struggle for professional success, and became disappointed and unscrupulous practitioners. With the years, however, a better-trained body of Jews have entered school and university, and every year these men in increasing numbers are graduated and begin lucrative and honorable careers.

At first law and medicine alone attracted the Jew. To-day he goes into dentistry, pharmacy, mechanical, civil, and electrical engineering, art, literature, and pedagogy. In the day and night schools of New York and other cities the Jews are making their mark. Hundreds of Jewish scientists are working in chemical and physical laboratories, and many Jewish graduates from agricultural colleges are finding occupation in the management of large farms, or in the study of agricultural and forestry problems in the service of State and Nation.

The intellectuals are by no means always the professionals. The sweated presser may have read books which would test the attainments of an erudite Orientalist. There are peddlers, unable to find their way on any street outside the Ghetto, who can unerringly pick a path through the overgrown labyrinth of the Babylonian Talmud, and quote the opinions of a century of rabbis upon a disputed point in casuistry. People who cannot read English know Herbert Spencer by heart, and men who are ignorant of any language but Yiddish and Hebrew keep in touch with the latest developments of science, art, literature, and the drama. The Yiddish newspapers, an essentially American product, bring a daily library of new learning to their tens of thousands of readers, and the Yiddish drama and the Yiddish books reproduce the new thoughts of the Jews and the new and old thoughts of the world. The intense intellectual life of the East Side is not confined to any one class of people. Nor is it a simple or a uniform group, but a curious medley of susceptible men and women discussing ardently what elsewhere is ignored. In many East Side cafés, away from the chess tables where old men and beardless youths are immersed in their intricate game, you may hear little groups of people discussing idealism and realism, and Zionism and Socialism, and art, music, history, philosophy, and the future of the race. It is all humanitarian. There is underlying this wandering discussion a deep, persistent, fundamental sense of the coming of the Messiah; not a Messiah of flesh and blood, but a new good world in which human beings can live a human life.

In one of these little cafés, so runs the story, two Russian Jews recently met.

"Where have you been last night, Isaac?" asked Hyman.

"In the Cooper Union celebrating the new Constitution of the Turks."

"Were there any Turks there, Isaac?"

"No, just Jews."

A week later the same two Jews met in the same café.

"Where have you been last night?" again asked Hyman.

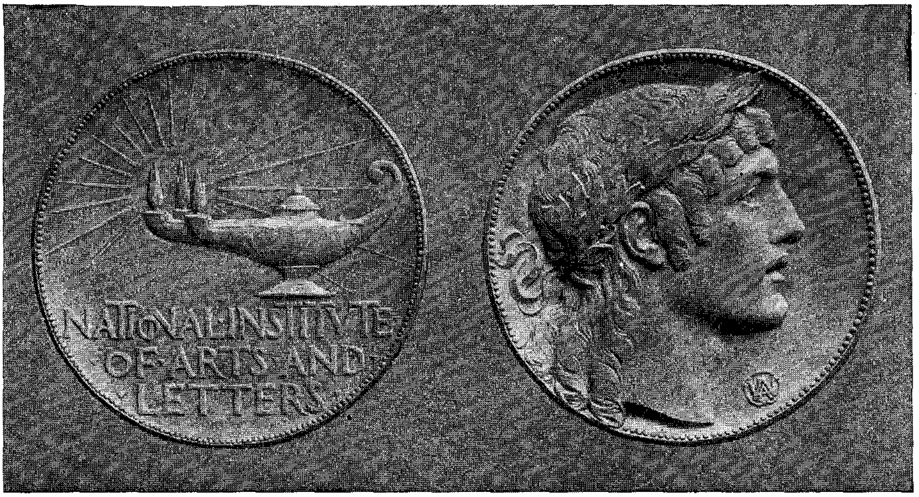
"In the Cooper Union, celebrating the birthday of the Russian—of Tolstoy."

"Were there any Russians there?"

"Russians? No, just Jews."

It is always "just Jews." The new Jewish immigrant from Russia, Rumania, Galicia, Poland, brings with him little money, few clothes, only a few books, but much idealism. It is this idealism as much as acumen and pertinacity which maintains high the hope of this little old nation in this big new country, and enables the Jew against adverse circumstances to gain and maintain his foothold.

This is the second article in the series "Getting a Foothold." The third article will be called "Pericles of Smyrna and New York."



THIS GOLD MEDAL WAS RECENTLY PRESENTED TO MRS. SAINT-GAUDENS. IT IS THE FIRST AWARDED BY THE NATIONAL INSTITUTE OF ARTS AND LETTERS FOR ACHIEVEMENTS OF MEN OF GENIUS IN THE ARTS. THE SCULPTURE OF AUGUSTUS SAINT-GAUDENS WAS FITLY CHOSEN AS THE SUBJECT OF THE FIRST AWARD. DR. HENRY VAN DYKE, THE PRESIDENT OF THE INSTITUTE, MADE THE PRESENTATION ADDRESS. THE MEDAL WAS MODELED BY A. A. WEINMAN

The Poet's Art

From Ibsen's "King Skale"

By Joel Benton

The King

O Jatgeir, will you not to me impart
How you were taught the Poet's precious art?

Jatgeir

This art no mortal can communicate—
It is unique—a legacy—a fate
One cannot flee from, O most worthy Sire.

The King

What? Does it come from frivolous desire?

Jatgeir

Ah, no. A world of Grief was given to me,
And so a bard I could not help but be.

The King

Is Sorrow, then, the thing the Poet needs?

Jatgeir

Faith, Joy, and Doubt sometimes become the seeds
Of inspiration to the Poet's mind—
But I in sorrow my afflatus find.

The King

Can it be Doubt attunes the Poet's lyre?

Jatgeir

Yes, if it's real, it too will inspire.

The King

What Doubter, then, is false? I would find out.

Jatgeir

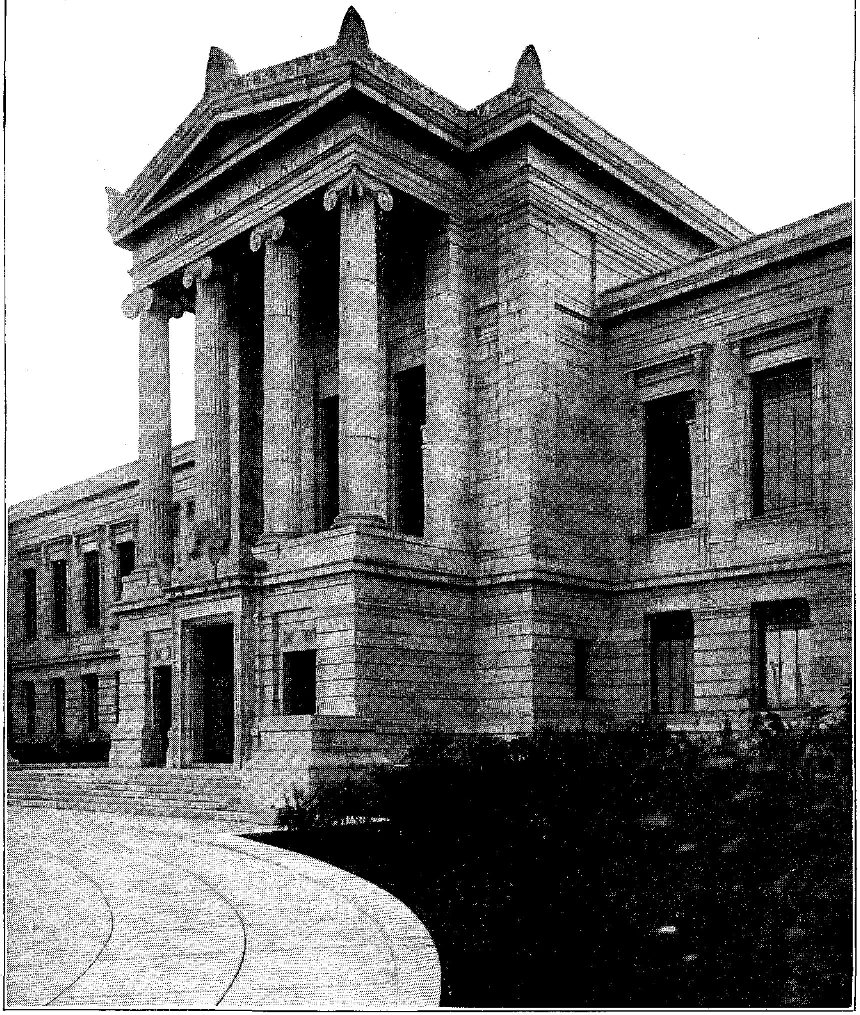
The one who doubts if he can truly doubt.

The King

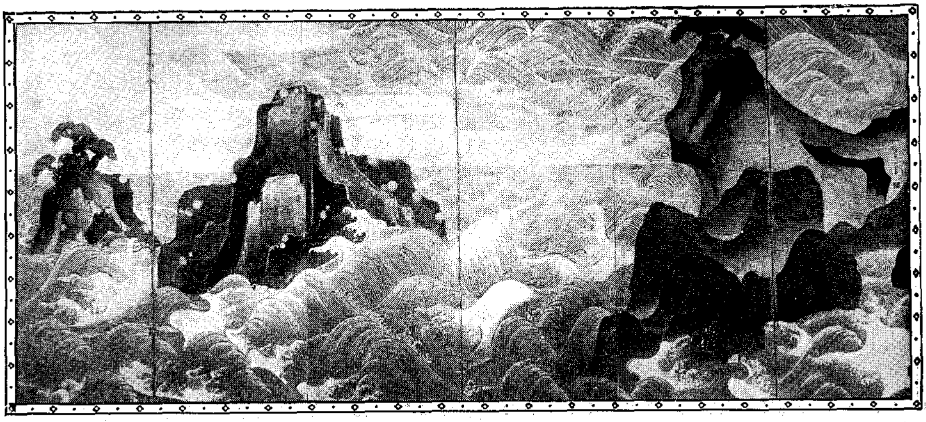
That, I should say, were pitiful, sad Death.

Jatgeir

Far worse. 'Tis Life, without supporting breath.



THE MUSEUM OF FINE ARTS
BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS



THE BOSTON MUSEUM

A NEW WAY OF SHOWING WORKS OF ART

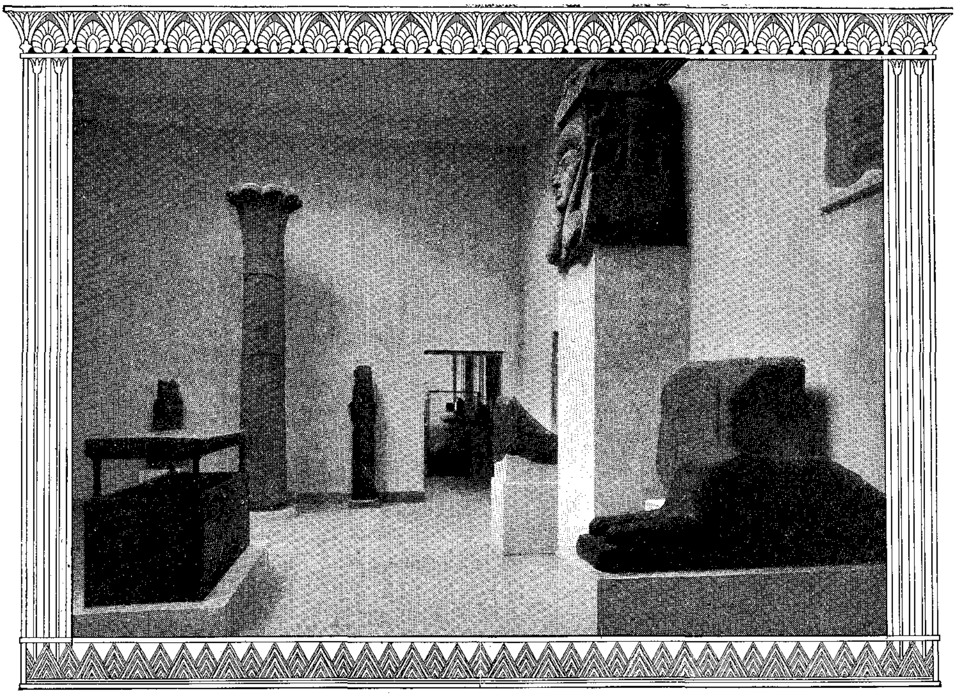
BY MARY B. HARTT

IF the word "intimate" had not been so cruelly overworked, I should like to say that the new palace of fine arts in the Boston Fenway is the most intimate, the most personal, museum in the wide world. Not even such small private-public museums as the Wallace Collection or Sir John Soane's, in London, give this curious sense of close contact. For there officialdom has driven out the brooding spirit of the collectors; you stray about the rooms with as complete a feeling of detachment as if you were in the grim British Museum itself. But in Boston the wonderful old things in the cases seem to carry an atmosphere of their own and to compel you into it. You find yourself contemplating, perhaps, an ancient soul-house such as the Egyptians before the dynasties placed over graves to shelter the *ka*, or ghostly body of the departed; and you feel, not cold curiosity merely, but a startled diffidence. "Who am I that I should stand thus gazing into the heart of antiquity?" There is at times an almost lonesome feeling of being isolated at close quarters with the Egypt of the Old Empire or with ancient Greece.

In the old museum building it was not so.

Again, in Boston you are all the while acutely conscious that you are looking on humanly cherished possessions. Chinese sacrificial bronzes tended by reverent hands ever since they were made, away back in the third century, seem not to have passed into the soulless clutches of an institution, but to be adopted pets of the curator. Every shimmering rug from the Nearer Orient, every bit of porcelain or lace or iridescent glass, seems to have been set like a jewel with as much loving care as if it were the supreme possession of an impassioned private collector. Commonly, if you think of museum curators at all, it is as beings of a superior race delving in the hidden fastnesses of the building, out of ken of ordinary mortals. Here it is not so much of their technical virtuosity that you think as of their æsthetic affections.

In the old museum building it was not so.



AN EGYPTIAN ROOM

The happy effect is due to the fact that the Boston Museum of Fine Arts has had a unique opportunity. A grown collection (no museum is ever full grown), it has been able to discard its makeshift old shell and express itself anew. It is as if a mature soul were permitted to create for itself an appropriate body.

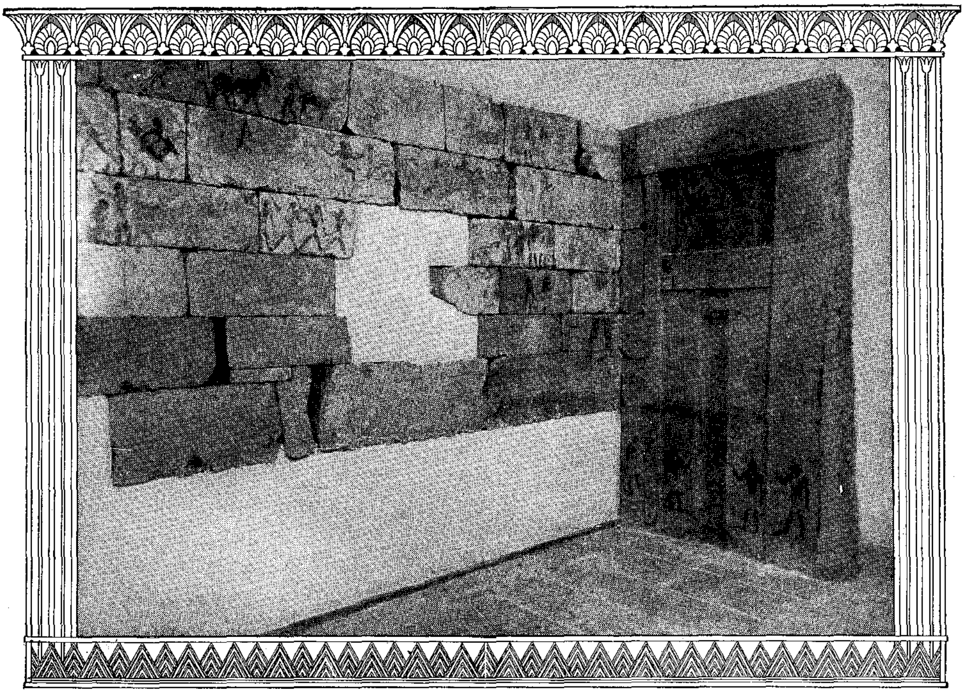
Just this, an appropriate body, not a monumental and imposing structure, has been the steady aim. That the building *is* both monumental and imposing is a signal triumph for the architect, Mr. Guy Lowell; for nothing was conceded to the mere demands of crushing architectural effect, nothing permitted to stand in the way of perfect housing of all the museum's great possessions.

It is easy to use objects of art for the enrichment of vast, towering halls, magnificent in their opportunities of cumulative impressiveness. Unluckily, though, such halls, common enough in museums everywhere, paralyze us by their very splendor, utterly dwarfing the effectiveness of individual things.

In the Fenway the exhibition rooms are relentlessly proportioned to the things to be shown in them, height being provided where height is wanted, as in the great court of casts, but for the most part rooms not more than twenty feet high. Again, circuits of small or moderate-sized rooms take the place of long galleries. This has several advantages. Visitors scattered through a score of such rooms give less the effect of a staring, curious throng, objects can be better classified, and the eye is not teased with side glimpses of a multitude of incongruous things.

Nowhere is the power of the proportioned gallery better felt than in the Classical section. The finest of the Greek marbles are shown, rarely more than half a dozen together, in a series of small, bare, vaulted rooms, ideally lighted, innocent of a line of detail to distract the eye, the pinkish-gray marble of the floors running smoothly up into the indescribable faint warm hue of walls which bring out to perfection the precious creamy tones of the ancient marbles. There is a bench, of course, placed with its back to the windows. Seated there, the room a mere harmony for the setting of its treasures, it is not difficult to surrender yourself to the spell of Greece.

Yet it will be of impressive treasures



AN EGYPTIAN CHAMBER-TOMB

rather than impressive galleries that you will think when the Boston Museum of Fine Arts comes to mind. Dignity and unobtrusive harmony there are throughout; but salient architectural effects have been reserved for the courts and the vaulted main stair and rotunda, features monumental enough to accord with the completed museum of the future, of which the present building is but a fraction. Somewhat austere in its whiteness and in the refinement of its neo-classical details, the great stair cries out for that embellishment of modern sculpture which will be sure to come as Bostonians feel the need.

As for the long white façade on Huntington Avenue, it will never be adequately represented by illustration, for the effect is most happily felt as you advance within the recessed forecourt. This great court, broad enough to hold the front of the Boston Public Library in the embrace of its advancing wings, has, oddly, the expression of ingathering arms. Nothing forbidding, it has rather the effect of hurrying your footsteps in anticipation of delight. And—though the result of architectural exigencies, not sentimental design—the lowness of the flight of steps which carries you to the bronze doors adds to the inviting impression. Altogether it is a perfect expression of the spirit of the modern museum of art, not a citadel, not a Holy of Holies, but an open opportunity for all the thronging children of men.

Having intimated that the rooms as rooms are not especially memorable, I must hasten to except those of the Japanese wing. Carved Buddhas and lacquers and gold screens accord but ill with a severely classical background, so the arts of the Orient have been given a setting of their own. They tell us that nothing so inartistic as a reproduction of Japanese interior architecture has been intended; merely a suggestion, the aroma and sentiment of Japan. Japanese paper-paned window screens fill the rooms with soft, diffused light, natural cypress wood replaces the finish of the rest of the museum, silvery Japanese grass-cloth covers the walls. Even pedestals and cases have a hint of Japanese line, while the Buddhas are mounted on appropriate daises between columns modeled upon those of the temples of the great days of Japanese architecture.

AMIDA NYORAI

The focus of the whole experiment is the Japanese Garden, a balconied court with a lovely lotus pool where goldfish flash a startling note of scarlet. Stone dogs, stone lanterns, find a natural place in the greenery about the pool, wonderful old temple rammas are set in the railing about the gallery, Buddhas on lotus thrones are silhouetted against golden screens on the dais at the upper end, while round the gallery walls hang prime treasures of the department, a series of tenth-century Chinese Buddhist paintings.

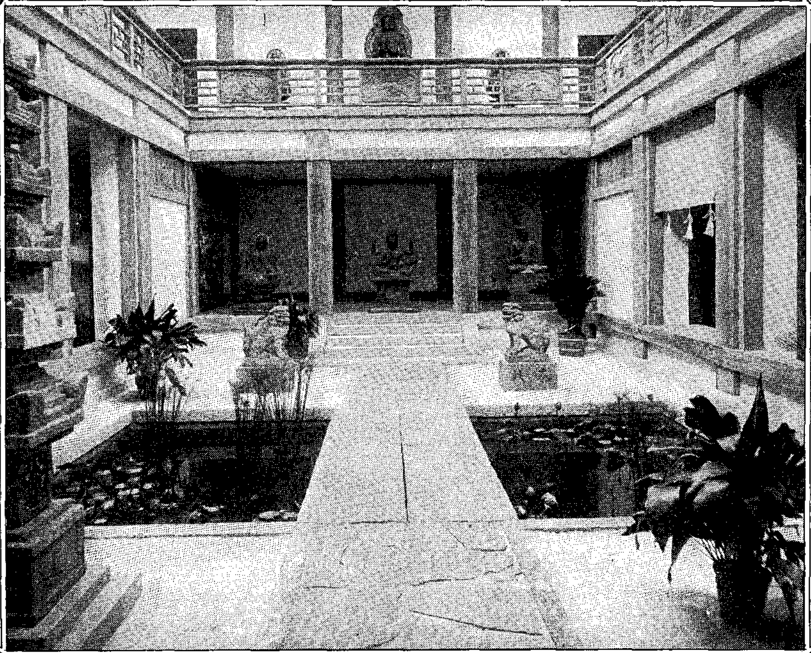
The garden is a center of interest, perhaps a center of criticism. There are those who think that here and in the Buddhist room, with its temple setting, the experiment has been carried a thought too far. That detail and construction are of the purest, in the style of the Nara period, when Japanese temple architecture reached its culmination, there is no doubt. For Mr. Curtis, of the museum staff, had the help of Mr. Ralph Adams Cram, one of the first Americans to make a serious study of Japanese architecture, and the work was done with religious care. The question is not whether the Japanese Court is a success, but whether it is in the best of museum taste.

Whatever specialists may say, I think the people may be trusted to indorse the Japanese Garden, not only for its charm, but as a psychological inspiration. It is true that the varied treasures there displayed are much better appreciated than if strung out coldly along dead walls. But, more than that: for the dissipation of "museum fag" what could be more refreshing than this unexpected plunge into the Orient? If fountains or bubbling springs are allowable in Japanese temple forecourts, I wish we might even have had the soul-cooling sound of running water.

Another humane and happy device of the new building is the so-called exhibition corridor. Take the one leading from the white rotunda toward that great sitting Buddha who serves as a finger-post to the Orient. Top-lighted, floored with tiling of warm old red, the walls hung with glorious rugs and Coptic, Peruvian, and Persian embroideries, with a note at the far end of vivid Persian tiles let into the plaster, the vista closed in by the gilded Buddha squatted on a crush of gorgeous brocade—the corridor gives you a shock of poignant delight. Here is massed effect without sacrifice. The narrow inclosure invites to close scrutiny of individual textiles. The richness of the whole would be dissipated were these very things mounted in a spacious, overpowering room.

A similar corridor leading to the classical wing has nothing whatever in it save cases of ancient glass, magical with the iridescent alchemy of the soils in which for centuries it was buried. Three sides of each case and the shelves themselves are of glass, the fourth side lined with raw silk of palest Nile green, which perfectly throws out the metallic blues and greens of tear-bottles and vases. So with the precious old monochrome potteries of China—they have an airy, sun-flooded corridor all to themselves. We who knew them in the ceramic confusion of the old museum greet them now with a start of pleasure. So infinitely do they gain by the reverent isolation.

This is a versatile museum. Where isolation helps, things are set apart; but in other places things are most artfully joined together. For the rigid order of the department store—ceramics here, textiles there, metals in another place—has been substituted the larger logic of time and place. For example, in one room is gathered a display of Mohammedan art—rugs, gorgeous Persian fabrics, Hindu brasses and bronzes, Arabic pottery, Moorish faïence, etc.—an *ensemble* rich and in



THE JAPANESE GARDEN

its variety infinitely restful to the eye. In a larger museum it might defeat the designs of the student. Here it is easy to slip around from the Chinese corridor, where you find a bowl showing plainly the influence of Persia, to the Nearer Orient, where you discover displayed the reciprocal stamp of Chinese potters upon the Persians. And it is safe to say that the masses of the people are interesting themselves in arts other than painting and sculpture as never before in Boston, owing to the exorcising of monotony.

All this juggling with settings and backgrounds and arrangements, these faint wall tints of amethystine gray or hinted pinkish violet or bluish cream, which elude your most conscientious efforts to tabulate them, these subtly colored case-linings of scrim and silk dyed in the museum workshops to suit individual objects, have meant an infinite expenditure of taste and time. As for the experiments which went before the adoption of the lighting system with its five distinct varieties of daylight, the story of them fills a good-sized volume. The result argues every minute well expended. For it is not done that a handful of virtuosos may hug themselves in keener ecstasies of appreciation, but that the arts of the ages may make a clearer appeal to all sorts and conditions of men. It is not specialists who demand harmonious backgrounds. The herbarium of a great botanist looks like a mess of "roots and yarbs." It is the amateur who must have carefully pressed plants before he can see their interest and charm.

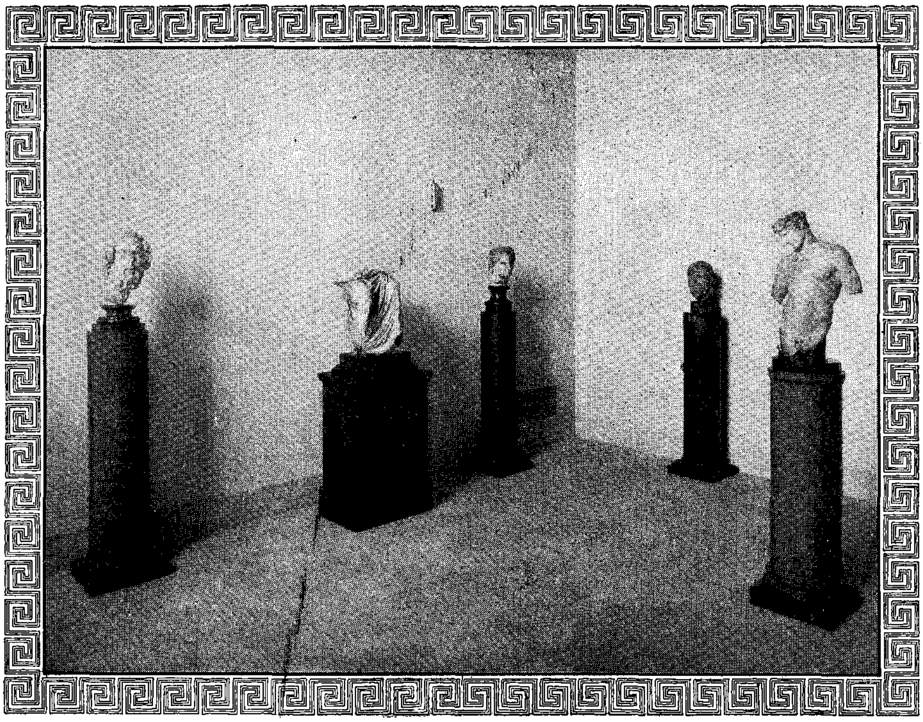
But it would not have been possible, this careful and costly installation, but for the so-called "dual system," or "Boston idea," by which the museum turns one face toward the general public and another toward the specialist. The principle is a simple one, not wholly new. You recall the lamentable failure of the queen's museum in Stockton's delicious tale, how the public refused to take interest in her matchless collection of thousands upon thousands of buttonholes "in silk, wool, cloth-of-gold, and every imaginable material, no two of a kind." Well, the Boston idea applied to Stockton would provide that the public be humanely prevented from stultifying itself among bewildering mazes of buttonholes in which it could not be expected to take technical delight. Rather it would be treated to a half-dozen or so of the very finest specimens, elaborately labeled and superbly displayed, while the bulk of the collection would be snugly stowed in storerooms where tailors and seamstresses, specially interested in buttonholes, might study them at their leisure.

Theoretically, the upper story of the new museum is the exhibition floor, the lower the students' floor, though this does not quite mean that there is nothing to interest the casual visitor below stairs. But the contents of the public galleries, it should be understood, by no means exhausts the holdings of the museum. Not two-tenths of the vast collection of Japanese things is at present shown, or ever will be shown at any one time. A selection of paintings, prints, lacquers, sword-guards, etc., has been installed upstairs, to be replaced by and by with a fresh group. But the student who wishes to suck dry the resources of the collection must betake himself to the room marked Japanese Store.

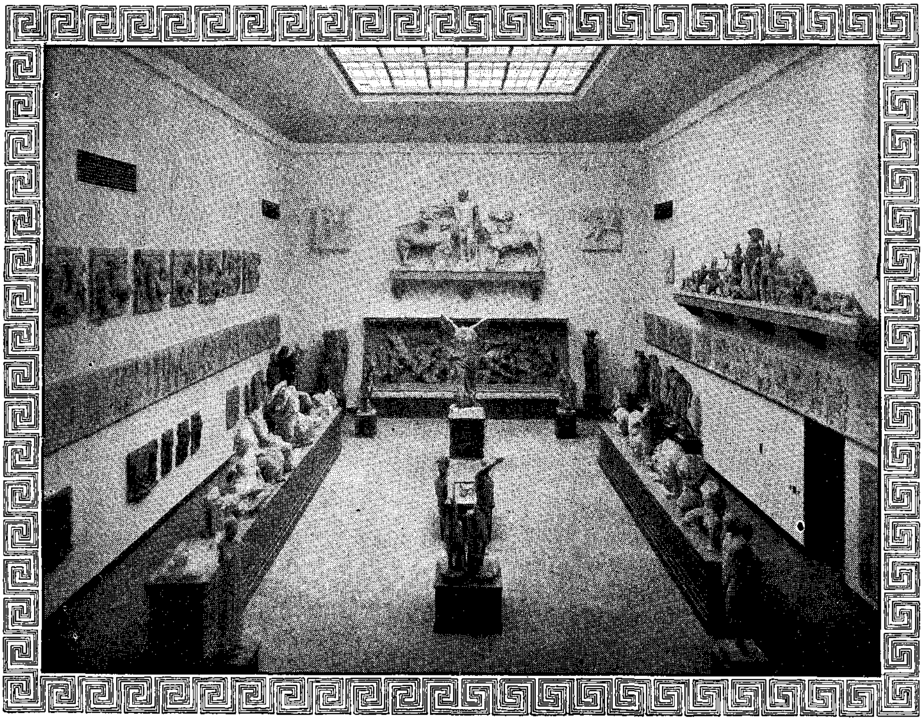
So it is with Greek vases, with a score of things. As yet the museum is not rich enough in paintings to show us only the cream of that collection. Some day, perhaps, poor examples of work by great masters will be retired to storerooms too. At present the picture galleries are an exception to the Boston plan.

Nowhere in the world is the student more liberally treated than here. In the convenient work-rooms, in the freedom with which material is placed in his hands, in the ease with which he gets the right to photograph, in the absence of unreasoning red tape, he finds himself in a specialist's paradise.

And not the specialist alone. Any inquiring soul, however untechnical, finds that here facilities are honestly facile. The museum library, conspicuously placed over the entrance portico, is obviously not for distinguished and privileged visitors, but for *you*. The photograph library, next door, fairly begs you to drop in and consult its stores, and the study-room adjoining the exhibition of prints is only one degree more hospitable. Enlightening bulletins are to be had for the taking,



ONE OF THE SMALL ROOMS OF GREEK MARBLES



ONE OF THE ROOMS OF CASTS

THE CORRIDOR AND GRAND STAIRWAY

docents are ready to guide you free of charge (and this though the museum gets not a cent of municipal support). You feel that, if you might only camp here long enough among the books and photographs and casts and specialists and the real things of art, you might grow and grow in grace and in the knowledge of perfect beauty.

Speaking of casts, it is a satisfaction to record that, though the best of the museum's enormous collection is magnificently installed in great courts with a high oblique light where metopes and friezes may be mounted at a proper distance from the ground and where heroic equestrian statues don't look squeezed, the casts are none the less rigorously quarantined from association with real works of art. Hence that wretched suspicion, "Is it original?" which haunts one even in the Metropolitan, is here, once for all, laid.

The newness of the museum is not confined to the building and installation. There are scores of priceless things now shown for the first time which were previously stored for lack of exhibition space. Such is the pair of tomb-chambers from Sakkara which cut in two the Egyptian room known as the Hall of the Mastabas. Such again is the Bremgarten Room, a Swiss interior into whose delightful sixteenth-century dimness you stumble from the corridor beside the Japanese Garden. Old habitués of the museum find surprises everywhere.

At such an epoch in the life of a museum it is natural to estimate its strength. This is the easier because since the opening of the new building the collections have been weighed in the balance over and over again. The museum stands with its best foot, or best feet, thrust foremost. In other words, the advancing wings contain the star collections. The collections of Japanese and Chinese art are not equaled in America—no, nor in Europe, but only in the Imperial museums of Japan. As for the paintings of this department, we have the word of Mr. Okakura-Kakuzo, Chairman of the Imperial Archæological Commission of Japan: "I do not hesitate to say that in point of size it [the collection] is unique, and that in quality it can only be inferior to the Imperial Museums of Nara and Kioto; while for the schools of Tokugawa painting it is unrivaled anywhere." Among the supreme treasures of the department are a Hokke Mandara of the eighth century, an example of a period from which even in Japan very few have survived, and the twenty-four-foot roll, the Heiji Monogtari, popularly known as the Keion Roll. This is a section of a great pictured history of the wars of the twelfth century. The other parts belong, one to Baron Iwasaki and one to the Mikado himself.

Through this Boston collection, if at all, must come Western understanding of the enigmatic, poetic, philosophic, suggestive painting of the Orient. Examples such as these cannot be smuggled West since the official listing of all works of art in Japan. It is matter for profound congratulation that before it was too late those inspired collectors Mr. Fenellosa, Dr. Bigelow, and Mr. Weld brought away enough to give us the clue to a great art so foreign to our own conventions.

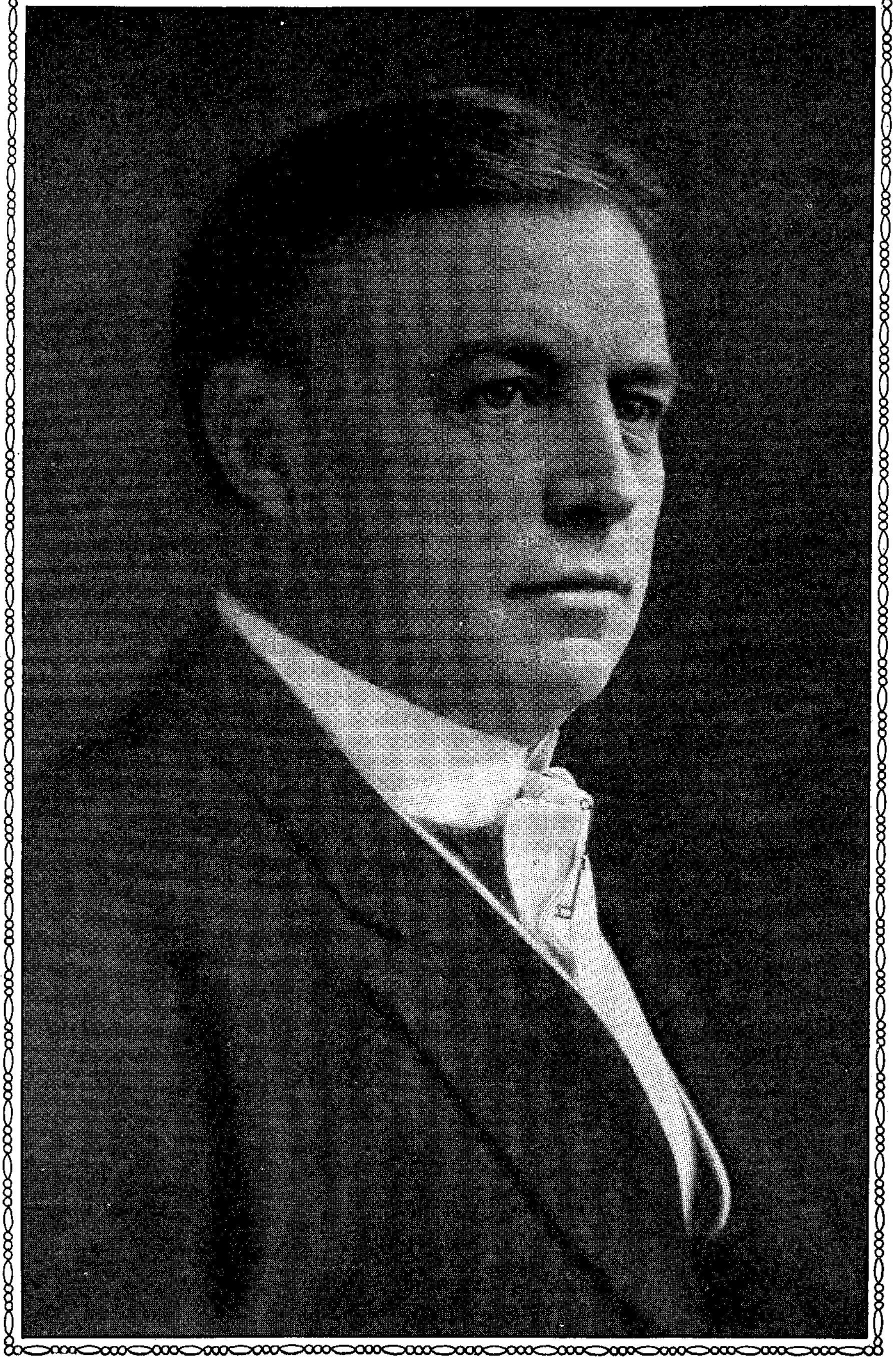
Thanks to the excavations of the past two years carried on jointly with Harvard University, the Boston Art Museum is in possession of the finest collection of Egyptian sculpture of the Old Empire outside the borders of Egypt itself. New Empire and Ptolemaic things are comparatively common, but the naturalistic sculptures of the Ancient Empire are distinctly somewhat to crow over.

As to the collection of original works of Greek art, the museum confidently declares it to be "unique in America and famous in Europe," and of the print collection that it has not its equal in the country.

The seven rooms of Western paintings contain many superb things, more that are thoroughly interesting and worth while, and some things by great masters which certainly never won them their fame. Including these last, it is possible to say that the collection contains examples of all the principal schools.

First, last, and all the time the strength of the reincarnated museum lies in its grip upon the principles embodied in that grotesque word "museology," or museum psychology. Not in contempt or condescension, but in human understanding, the directors have remembered *you* as an individual, that you are dust. They have not forgotten how brief at best is human capacity for sustained admiration; therefore they show you a few things and tuck the rest away mercifully out of your sight. They have appreciated that you cannot poignantly admire while physically uncomfortable; therefore they give you plenty of inconspicuous seats and plan the height of cases and pedestals with a tenderness toward the back of your neck. Knowing your besetting proneness to try to appreciate too much at one gulp, they divide their rooms up small that you may not spread your attention thin over the whole area of the arts, but rest your soul in reasonable moderation. Knowing how congruities smooth the way for æsthetic pleasure, they wrap you round with harmonies—stone floors under your feet while your eyes rest on antique marbles, polished floors while you study tapestries, and everywhere such a wooing of your eyes in backgrounds that you all but cannot fail to take an unassumed delight.

You can defeat even such an artful museum as this—the thing is done every day—by doing the grand tour in one terrible half-hour. But all that directors and curators can do has been done to court in you that leisured, clinging contemplation which is the whole secret of pleasure in art.



PHOTOGRAPH BY J. E. ROSCH

AUGUSTUS THOMAS

Augustus Thomas: Playwright

By Himself

[For a number of years past Mr. Augustus Thomas has held a foremost place among American playwrights. He has invention, skill in construction and dialogue, a trained sense of dramatic values—for he knows the stage and its requirements—and a notable gift of expression. His plays have had a distinct literary quality without any sacrifice of dramatic effectiveness. They have been written as plays; and that they are in many places literature has been due, in Mr. Thomas's case as with all the best playwrights, to the fact that he has a touch of literary genius. Without any sacrifice of force or freedom, Mr. Thomas's plays have been full of health as well as entertainment. "The Earl of Pawtucket" was a happy illustration of the real comedy which is full of refreshment and delight. His recent plays, "The Witching Hour" and "The Harvest Moon," have struck deeper notes and struck them with a strong hand. In order to give the readers of The Outlook as clear and lifelike an impression as possible of Mr. Augustus Thomas, the editors applied to him for such biographical information as he was willing to make public. They received in reply a letter so characteristic and so interesting that, on behalf of the readers of The Outlook, they asked Mr. Thomas's permission to print it, which was graciously given; and here it is.—THE EDITORS.]

New Rochelle, New York,
December 9, 1909.

My dear Hamilton Mabie:

I have your letter of the 7th, in which you suggest that The Outlook wishes to print my picture in some very good company, and in which you ask me for some facts which you may discreetly communicate.

I fear that it will require something more than discretion to make interesting such facts as attach themselves to my history. However, here is briefly all that does not appear in the stick and a half in "Who's Who."

After Farragut ran the New Orleans blockade my father took direction of the St. Charles Theater in New Orleans, then owned by Ben De Bar. When he returned to St. Louis in 1865, I was in my seventh year, and my earliest recollections are tinged with his stories of Matilda Herron, John Wilkes Booth, and others who played in that theater. Father was an orator of considerable ability, and I remember him, for the amusement of my mother, reciting long speeches from Kotzebue, Schiller, and Shakespeare. In his association with the theater he took me very early to plays, and I have always been an attendant; consequently, dialogue seemed the most natural literary vehicle. I found later that this impression was justified when I discovered that the most telling things in Homer and later Greek poets and philosophy were in dialogue—that this was true of Confucius and of Christ.

I began writing plays when I was about fourteen years of age. When I was sixteen and seventeen, an amateur company that I organized played in certain railway centers on the old North Missouri Railway for the benefit of local unions of the workingmen. In 1882 I made a dramatization of Mrs. Burnett's "Editha's Burglar." With this as a curtain-raiser and a rather slapstick farce called "Combustion," I made a tour of the country with a company that I organized and with which I ran in debt several thousand dollars. In 1889 a four-act version of "The Burglar," arranged by me, was played in New York and was successful, and since that time my royalties have enabled me to give my attention on the business side exclusively to play-writing.

You ask why everybody who knows me is my friend? I might answer laconically that it was because they didn't know me thoroughly, but, dismissing that defensive assumption of modesty and making such self-inquiry as I can, I think I have a capacity for companionship from the fact that I was painfully poor as a kid. My consecutive schooling stopped when I was ten. I gave up all attempt to attend school, even irregularly, when I was thirteen. Between that age and my twenty-second year I worked in various sections of the freight departments of railways. Most of the midday meals of that time I took from a tin bucket. This meal was in the company of freight-handlers on the platform, men recruited almost exclusively from the Irish at that time in the Middle West; or the meal was with the brakemen in the switch shanties, these brakemen generally Americans rather near the soil; or was with the engineers and firemen in their cabs, or on the running-boards of box cars with trainmen. Without knowing it, I acquired the ability of getting the other fellow's point of view, and when I got old enough not to be overwrought by sympathy that was inclined to be too partisan, I found an immense intellectual enjoyment in watching the interplay between temperament and environment. I think this answers your question. I have retained a gossip's ability to be interested in most anybody else's affairs.

If I might add one other factor that I think has had some weight, it would be this: So many years ago that I forget its source, I read somebody's statement that the surest cure for the blues was to promptly and actively do something, not for one's self, but for some other; and I believe that I have occasionally won the good will of people in a rather selfish application of this panacea.

I find, as I dictate, that this is a very agreeable subject, and I am quite willing to tell more if you need it.

Sincerely yours,
AUGUSTUS THOMAS

The Income Tax Amendment

By Norris Brown

United States Senator from Nebraska

Senator Brown belongs to what may be called the younger and progressive group in the United States Senate. He was born in 1863 in the State of Iowa, and is a graduate of the University of Iowa, class of 1883; received the degree of M.A. in 1885; was admitted to the bar in 1883. He moved to Nebraska, where his first office was that of County Attorney of Buffalo County. He then became, successively, Deputy Attorney-General, Attorney-General, and United States Senator representing Nebraska. His present term in the United States Senate expires in 1913. He is a Republican in politics. While Senator Brown is heartily in favor of an income tax, the following article is not itself an argument for the tax, but an argument for the wisdom of giving power to Congress to impose the tax should it decide in the future that such a tax is for the advantage of the country.—THE EDITORS.

THE American Constitution, with its fifteen amendments, completes the labors of the American people in an effort to build for their Government its foundation. Gladstone said of it:

"As the British Constitution is the most settled organism which has proceeded from progressive society, so the American Constitution is the most wonderful work ever struck off at a given time by the brain and purpose of man."

Gladstone was right. It is the greatest document containing the simplest plan for a self-governing people ever framed. It leaves in the hands of the people to whom the government belongs all the machinery of government. Under it public policies are determinable alone by the people. They have the power, if they choose to exercise it, to repeal every law on the statute books or to enact any new law, limited only by a Constitution which they have the power to amend. There is, in truth, no limit to the power of the people in free America under our form of government. The sun never rose on another people so blessed with power or so freighted with responsibility.

For forty-one years the Constitution as it now reads has stood with no sustained effort on the part of Congress or the people to further amend it. But at the last session of Congress a joint resolution was introduced and passed, receiving every vote in the United States Senate and all but fourteen votes in the House of Representatives, proposing the Sixteenth Amendment.

It reads:

"Congress shall have the power to lay and collect taxes on incomes from whatever source derived, without apportionment among the several States and without regard to any census or enumeration."

The question presented is, Should this amendment be ratified by the States? I hold the affirmative of the proposition. My conviction is unalterable that the safety of the Nation may depend on the power conferred by this amendment. Its ratification is therefore imperative.

In the first place, the issue does not raise a question of party politics. On the record, the two great political parties of the country stand in favor of the amendment. One indorsed it in its last National platform, and both indorsed it by voting for the joint resolution in the last Congress.

This amendment should receive the support of every man who believes as an economic policy that the incomes of the country should at all times bear a share of the burdens of government. It should also have the support of those who do not believe in that economic policy in times of peace because other forms of taxation fail in times of war. No patriotic citizen can deny his country in distress this source of revenue even if he would do so in times of peace and quiet. As the Constitution reads to-day under the last interpretation of the Supreme Court, our Government is without power to tax incomes directly, no matter what the need or how great the necessity.

Section 8 of Article I provides that Congress shall have the power to lay and collect taxes, duties, imposts, and excises. This provision of Section 8 is modified by another provision of Section 9 of the same article, which reads:

"No capitation or *other direct tax* shall be laid unless in proportion to the census or enumeration hereinbefore directed to be taken."

From these provisions it is clear that the framers of the Constitution intended that the revenues with which to run the Government should be raised by custom duties, excises, and imposts, and not by direct taxation. For it is obvious to the casual student that to levy direct taxes on either lands or incomes in proportion to the population of the States would work such inequality and gross injustice as to render the tax intolerable and, as Supreme Justice Brown said, "impossible."

During all the years of the country's history no continued effort has been made to lay and collect taxes on any kind of property, real or personal, apportioned according to population. However, at different times in our history Congress has undertaken to tax incomes. Congress acted on the theory that a tax on incomes was not a direct tax, and therefore need not be laid with regard to apportionment among the States according to population as provided in Section 9.

From the beginning every law seeking to lay an income tax has been assailed in the courts. Beginning with the Hylton case in 1789, reported in 3 Dallas, 171, and ending with the Springer case in 1880, reported in 102 U. S., 586, the Supreme Court continuously and consistently held such a law Constitutional. The opinion of the Court in these cases rested on the proposition that a tax on incomes was not a direct tax, and was therefore not inhibited by the Constitution. It will be recalled that the Springer case involved the validity of an act of Congress passed during the Rebellion. The Union was broken in credit and the Government at Washington was selling its bonds at a heavy discount. The National currency had depreciated and the Union was in urgent need of money with which to provide the Union forces with maintenance and equipment. The life of the Union was at stake.

Congress had exhausted every resource except a tax on incomes. It was in obedience to the cry of the country's distress that Lincoln asked Congress to furnish the necessary funds by laying a tax on incomes. The law was passed; millions of dollars were collected under it at a time when the Government vitally needed the money. Springer assailed the constitutionality of the law. After full argument and mature consideration, the Court sustained the law, and Springer's homestead was sold by the marshal for the collection of the tax. In so deciding the Court followed the decision in the Hylton case, which involved the same principle.

So we find that the uniform and uninterrupted interpretation of the Constitution by the Court had sustained the power of Congress to lay and collect taxes on incomes for nearly a century. But in 1895 the Supreme Court was called upon to pass for the third time on the same question. The income tax law of 1864 had been repealed and a new statute restoring the tax had been enacted in 1894. A suit was brought to determine the validity of the 1894 statute on the subject. It is known as the Pollock case, and is reported in 157 U. S., 429.

This suit involved the identical principle decided in the Hylton and Springer cases. It was argued with marked ability by distinguished lawyers on its first submission to the Court, and again at great length on the rehearing. The Attorney-General of the United States, Richard Olney, of Massachusetts, appeared with other great lawyers in behalf of the Constitutional power of Congress to tax incomes. The decision of the Court, however, in effect reversed the holding in the Hylton and Springer cases and held the law unconstitutional. The Court put the reversal on the ground that a tax on incomes was a direct tax, and unless apportioned according to population could not be collected.

It is idle to discuss whether the last decision of the Supreme Court on this question was right or wrong. Such a discussion would avail nothing because, right or wrong, the decision of the Supreme Court, under our form of government, stands as the law of the land. It binds every citizen. It cannot be ignored either by the people or Congress.

In this case the judgment of the Court was that Congress had no power to tax incomes. Surely Congress would not be justified in passing another law of the same character and import in the face of that judgment, at least not without at the same time making an effort to amend the Constitution so as to confer on Congress such power. And if it did so, the people would have a right to question its good faith. Who contends that Congress should ever do what the Supreme Court of the United States holds it cannot do? The strength of our form of government lies in the plan of its distribution of powers, legislative, executive, and judicial—the three co-ordinate branches of government—each supreme in its field. Under this plan the power of the judiciary is supreme in determining the constitutionality of a law. Under this plan the legislative branch is supreme in determining what laws shall be enacted in the first instance; but when enacted, it is wholly and exclusively within the power of the judiciary to interpret and construe them; to sustain or set them aside, if in the judgment of the Court they contravene any of the provisions of the Constitution.

The Court having been clothed by the people with authority under the Constitution to say what Congress can or cannot do, and having spoken on the subject, the people are driven to amend the Constitution, the only remedy they have.

The people demand the ratification of the amendment, *in the first place*, because they insist that their Government shall have all the rights, powers, and prerogatives as a Government that are enjoyed by every other sovereign nation. The power of taxation—a power exercised by every full-grown government—is a sovereign attribute. If the right to tax incomes is denied, the right of taxation is impaired. No nation could exist for any length of time if the power of taxation is taken entirely away. If it is partly taken away, its life is jeopardized that far. The purpose of this amendment is to restore beyond dispute that power. This Republic should be a Nation shorn of no attribute nor prerogative incident to National sovereignty.

There is another reason why the amendment should be ratified. No man can tell how soon this country may be in need of the revenue which could be obtained only by a tax on incomes. We have learned from experience that at one time at least in this country the Nation depended on an income tax for its life. While to-day there may be no such emergency, we have no assurance that it may not again arise. Should it ever come, who cares to be responsible for withholding a power from the Government which may be necessary for its existence?

Should we have a foreign war, our revenue, now raised chiefly from revenue duties, would inevitably cease, or at least be greatly reduced. With customs duties impaired, to what source of revenue could Congress look for the money to carry on war or to maintain the Government in the meantime? It is not a foolish apprehension to suggest this possible situation. Neither is this the first time that it has been suggested. Mr. Justice Harlan, of the Supreme Court, in his dissenting opinion in the Pollock case, said on this phase of the subject:

> In my judgment, to say nothing of the disregard of the former adjudications of this Court and of the settled practice of the Government, this decision may well excite the gravest apprehension. It strikes at the very foundation of National authority in that it denies to the General Government a power which is or may become vital to the very existence and preservation of the Union in a National emergency, such as that of war with a great commercial nation, during which the collection of imposts will cease or be materially diminished.

These words ought to strike deep into the heart of every American. They come from the lips of a man who demonstrated his patriotism and fidelity to the old flag long before he honored the Nation by consenting to become one of its Supreme Justices. He loved the Union as only he can love it who helped to save it. Harlan the judge in that sentence became Harlan the soldier, the citizen, the patriot, the statesman, calling to the American people to amend the Constitution for the sake of the Union. His words were not lightly spoken. They came from his great mind and heart, full of apprehension and love for his native land, its civilization, and, above all else, its preservation. But this venerable and learned American jurist does not stop with the words quoted.

He says further:

> But the serious aspect of the present decision is that by a new interpretation of the Constitution it so ties the hands of the legislative branch of the Government that, *without an amendment to that instrument*, or unless the Court should at some future time return to the old theory of the Constitution, Congress cannot subject to taxation, however great the need or pressing the necessity of the Government, either the invested personal property of the country, bonds, stocks, and investments of all kinds, or the income arising from the renting of real estate, or from the yield of personal property, except by the grossly unequal and unjust rule of apportionment among the States.

Will any one who believes in fair and equitable taxation answer this argument? Who among our citizens desires to exempt the earnings of the bonds and stocks and all personal investments from Federal taxation should the necessities of the Government require? What is there about the interest collected on bonds, or the dividend declared on stocks, or the income collected by the landlords of the country from the tenants of the country, that they should be left beyond the reach of the Federal Government in its search for the revenues necessary for maintenance?

If it is desired that these securities should escape all contributions to the Federal treasury, the amendment should be defeated; but such a desire is in full discord with the great multitude of fair-thinking and fair-dealing men who believe that all kinds of property should enjoy equal rights and should bear equal burdens under the law. But, independently of the economic honesty of taxing incomes, the amendment deserves support for other reasons. The question presented is not whether an income tax should be levied now; the question is, Shall the Government have the power to levy such a tax if such a tax ever becomes necessary?

Patriotic citizenship insists that the Government shall have adequate powers. Mr. Justice Brown, in his opinion in the Pollock case, observes:

> It is certainly a strange commentary upon the Constitution of the United States and upon a democratic Government that Congress has no power to lay this tax which is one of the main sources of revenue of nearly every civilized state. It is a confession of feebleness in which I find myself wholly unable to join.

If this learned Justice was right in declaring it to be a strange commentary on the Constitution of the United States to hold that it gave Congress no power to tax incomes, it will be a sad commentary on the citizenship of the people of the United States if they allow the Constitution to remain in that form.

If it be contended that the amendment should not be adopted until the Supreme Court has had another opportunity to review and reverse its last interpretation of the Constitution, the reply is, The country has had enough of judicial interpretation of the Constitution in that respect. Already judges of equal ability and integrity have passed at different times different opinions on that question. Already the courts have decided it both ways. This demonstrates that there is so much doubt and uncertainty as to the meaning of the Constitution in this respect that no opinion of the Court, on whichever side of the question it may be written, is certain to be followed by future Justices.

The people of the United States have a right to a Constitutional provision on the subject which shall not be debatable—a provision which will speak for itself; one that will need no judicial interpretation. Americans have the right to know whether the Constitution gives their Government the power to tax incomes or whether it withholds that power. The adoption of the Sixteenth Amendment would settle the question.

We have many provisions in the Constitution which are not open to different interpretations. For example, the Constitution provides that the people shall have a President of the United States in whom is placed chief executive authority. That provision has never been questioned, because it is not susceptible of two constructions. It is certain and definite. So, likewise, the provision that the Executive is Commander-in-Chief of the army and navy is certain and definite. These provisions are above and beyond the reach of nullification by judicial interpretation, because they are simple and plain in their words and terms.

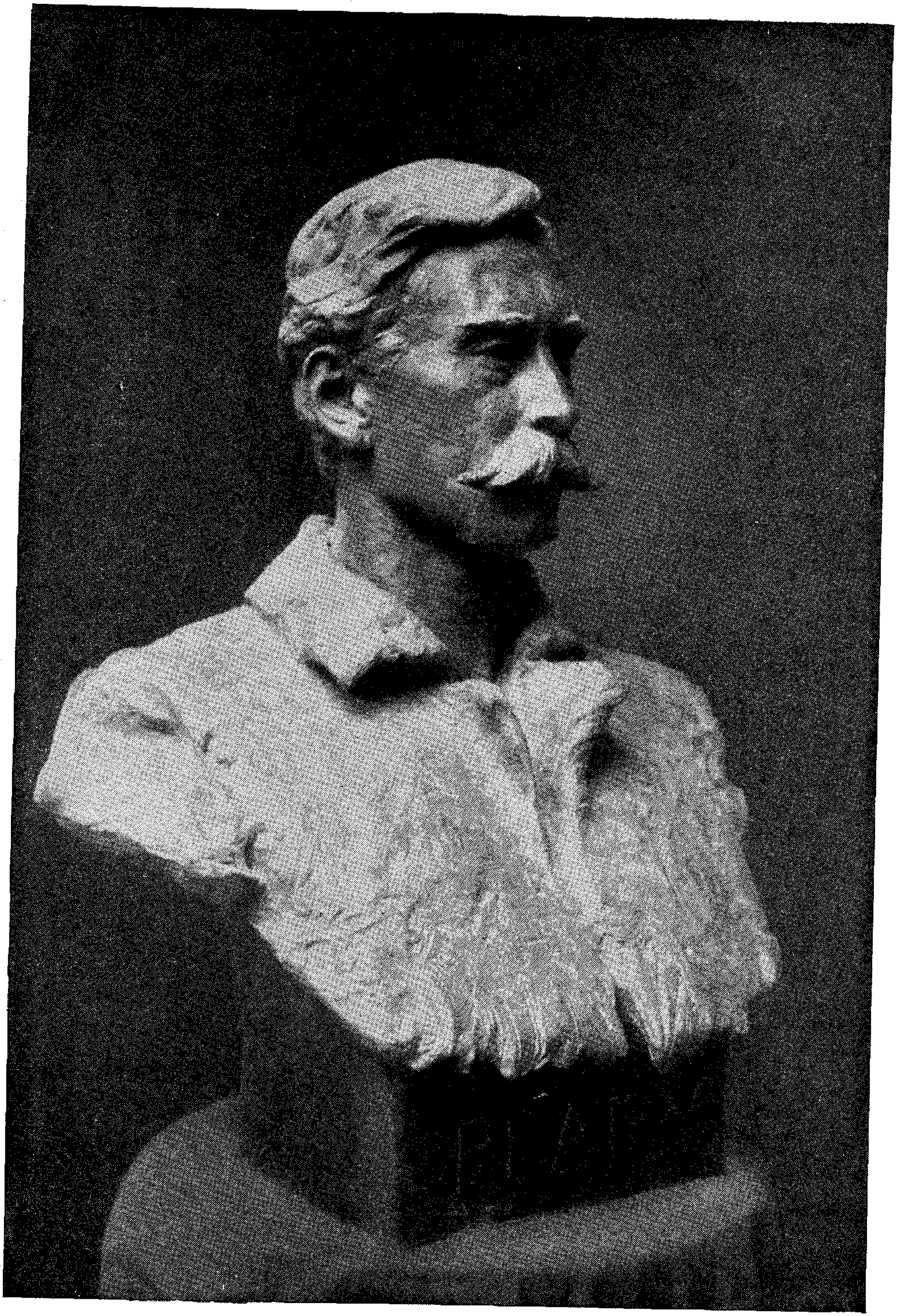
Why should there be any doubt as to the power of the Government to tax incomes? Is there any reason founded in our civilization or in our institutions why the Government, which belongs to us, and is our creation, and must respond to our will and pleasure in the matter of taxation, should be without the power conferred by the proposed amendment?

If it be argued that, for any reason, a tax on incomes should not be levied, this is not an argument against the adoption of the amendment, because the proposed amendment does not suggest that an income tax law should be enacted now. It contains no indication that it is in the purpose of the Government or of Congress to pass such a law. Therefore those who are opposed to taxing incomes as a general economic policy need feel no alarm. The only function the amendment possesses and the only thing it proposes to do is to confer the power on Congress. It contains no pledge that the power will ever be exercised. Its exercise will still be left to the further discretion of the people.

If it be argued that an income tax is just and should be imposed by Congress, the Supreme Court has said that no such tax can ever be constitutionally laid by Congress under the present Constitution. Those of our people who believe in the equity and justice of placing a share of the burdens of government on the incomes of the country cannot expect ever to see such a tax imposed, either in time of peace or of war, under the latest decision of the Supreme Court, unless the Constitution is amended. So that, in the final analysis, those who favor an income tax law, to be consistent, must favor this amendment; while those who oppose such a law in times of peace, to be patriotic, must not oppose it, for no reason has yet been suggested why our Government should be without power to lay the tax in times of National emergency.

The only point so far made against the amendment is that it might, in some mysterious way, weaken the States. Just how it could impair the strength of any State is not made clear by those who raise this objection. If it is thought that the Federal Government might tax the State out of its existence, the answer is, It did not have that effect or even tendency when incomes were taxed. The last effective income tax law in this country was in force during the sixties. It had the opposite effect then, for it not only kept all of the States in existence, but it helped to bring a few of them back into the Union.

The Federal Government could not tax the States out of existence without ending its own; for without the States to support it, there is no Union to be supported. To destroy the State is to destroy the Republic. The point is not well taken. The fear is wholly groundless. The rights of the States as they exist to-day will not be impaired, nor will a single State in the Union suffer, by reason of the amendment. But with the amendment ratified, they will continue to grow richer and stronger, enjoying that security and independence incident to their membership in a Union clothed with Constitutional powers to maintain a foremost position among the world's greatest nations.



ROBERT E. PEARY

From the Portrait Bust by William Ordway Partridge

NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC SOCIETY
INCORPORATED A.D. 1888

THE PEARY MEDAL

Commander Peary

By George Kennan

COMMANDER PEARY'S attainment of the North Pole, aft twenty-three years of concentrated and persevering effort, is a striking illustration of the fact that in the far North, as elsewhere, success comes at last to the man who knows how to prepare it. In the world at large there seems to be a widely prevalent opinion that Arctic achievement is mainly, if not wholly, a matter of courage, physical endurance, and ability to live the life of an Eskimo. If two different men happen to have these characteristics in equal measure, and if they are equally favored by luck, it is generally assumed that the one stands as good a chance of getting to the Pole as the other. But the inherent and fatal weakness of this assumption is that it wholly ignores the really important and decisive factor in all rivalries and in all fields of human activity, viz., trained and intelligent judgment based on experience and practice. In most other pursuits of life we give expert knowledge and judgment their proper value. We know very well that even the ablest and most talented lawyer, doctor, or merchant is not likely to rival Harriman as a railway manager, or Morgan as a financier. We do not expect him to have even such ability as is needed to steer a ferry-boat safely and successfully across the North River, simply because he has had no experience in that field. We recognize the fact that railroading, banking, and the management of a ferry-boat are highly specialized forms of intellectual activity, and that the man who has had little or no training for them is not likely to succeed in them. Precisely the same thing is true of Arctic exploration. Sledging and camping under Arctic conditions is a business to be learned, like any other business, and the man who is most likely to win the high polar honors is the man who has given most study to the problems involved and who has had most experience and practice. In the outfitting and management of a polar sledge-party everything depends upon right preparation for a multitude of possible difficulties and obstacles. Lack of snowshoes on water-covered, snow-blanketed ice disabled and completely wrecked one of the sledging parties of the Nares expedition, and a choice of rifles, instead of shotguns, was one of the fatal mistakes that led to the starvation of Captain De Long and his men in the Lena delta. According to John Rae, an English Arctic explorer of world-wide reputation, the sledging arrangements of the British naval expeditions to the high North have been defective in almost every particular, and especially in such details as tents, sleeping-bags, sledges, and dead weights. Commander Peary was able to avoid such errors because he had learned the art of travel over polar ice in many years of hard and dangerous practice. Experience had made him proficient in the management of men and dogs; he had acquired expert judgment as to weights, food, and speed; he knew what the movements of the ice would probably be under varying conditions of wind; he had learned how to organize supporting parties and get the maximum amount of help from them; he had devised the best form of sledge ever used on circumpolar ice; he had invented and perfected a cooking-lamp that, with great economy of fuel, would change a mass of ice or snow into a gallon of boiling water in ten minutes; and in every detail of transportation, clothing, and equipment he had made more or less improvement upon the best that had previously been known. His ultimate success, therefore, as he himself said in his speech at the Aldine Association dinner in New York, was "the culmination of long experience and thorough knowledge of the conditions of the problem gained in previous expeditions." The Japanese, in their late war with the Russians, were in the habit of describing their most successful military operations as "prearranged." Adopting their term, we may fairly say of Commander Peary's crowning achievement that it was not "the Pole at a dash" or "the Pole by luck," but "the Pole by prearrangement."

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He led the way, this lover of the height,
Who often climbed to catch the first dim sight
Of day, or keep it longer than the vale;
Our guide, who knew the springs that did not fail,
Who taught the tenderest the steep's delight,
Tempered the morning's pace to last till night,
And cheered the way with song and quaintest tale.

A heightsman, clean of soul, of body lean,
Who knew the unblazed trails; up heights unseen
He's guided multitudes, teaching God's ways,
Slowing his great soul's stride to others' need,
Yet leading on, making his creed his deed
And theirs—so lived he nobly through his days.

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SIXTY-FIFTH ANNUAL REPORT

To the Policy-holders:

At the suggestion of the Board of Trustees, I preface the brief of our Sixty-fifth Annual Report, which appears below, with the statement which accompanied the presentation of the full Report to the Board on the 12th inst.

“The figures placed before you by the officers of this Company, including the income, disbursements and profits of the year, the balance sheet and detailed schedules of assets at the close of 1909, make an impressive picture. No fair-minded man, having reviewed the figures, can avoid the conclusion that energy, capacity and fidelity in administration were not born yesterday in the New-York Life.

“Any claim which we as Trustees and officers may have to approval by the 750,000 families protected by this institution is made stronger by the willing admission, which we all make, that our predecessors toiled both mightily and wisely.

“A great life insurance company is not the product of accident or violence. It does not arise from a social catastrophe, as a mountain may suddenly arise in the landscape from a convulsion of nature. It is the product of peace, of labor, of thought, of energy, of fidelity, of faith, of good will amongst men.

“When a storm has swept over an estate and has done its cruel and possibly necessary work, the owner may send for men and direct them to cut away broken and twisted branches, to prune away unnecessary and unhealthful growths and clear the ground. Having done this, the men would hardly be entitled to claim credit, on that account, for the fact that certain trees were still symmetrical, beautiful, vast in girth and vigorous to the outermost twig. Any such claim would be presumptuous and the men making it would become ridiculous.

“The New-York Life grew like the oak and it tells the same story of storm and tempest survived.

“Lately the hurricane came and did its cruel—perhaps necessary—work. We were called in by the owners of the estate, the policy-holders, and told to correct errors, to change methods, to discontinue certain practices. We have done the work; but we are not now possessed of the idea that this necessary and useful work, as such, reflects discredit on our predecessors or especial glory on us.

“Having carried out the wishes of the policy-holders, we now assure them in the facts annexed, of the vitality, the soundness, the large capacity for social usefulness of the New-York Life. But we are obliged to tell them at the same time that, sound and virile as the Company is, its future usefulness is limited.

“The owner of an estate, after the passing of a storm, never orders the men who remove broken branches and cut away undesirable growths, to excise the living, growing body of a tree—to cut for the deliberate purpose of ending a tree’s further development. Such a direction would be contrary to nature; it would indicate that the owner of the estate either had no knowledge of natural laws or that he cherished an especial hostility against fine trees.

“When the State of New York enacted certain statutes, insuring economy, eliminating the legislative blackmailer, compelling publicity and strict accountability, it did well. But when it enacted Section 96 of the insurance code, deliberately intending to stop the natural, sound and healthful growth of this Company, it sinned against nature.

“Obeying the law, we have been obliged to cut deep into the Company’s living tissue, into its organized working force, and so strong is the Company’s vitality, so rapid its recovery, that we have been obliged to cut again and again.

“Let me give you a few facts:

“Our domestic working organization at the close of 1905 and at the close of 1909 was as follows:

	Branch Offices.	*Enrolled Agents.*
1905 . . .	217	4,872
1909 . . .	82	2,007
Decrease .	135	2,865

“The total number of outstanding policies and the total outstanding insurance on the same dates were:

	Number of Policies.	*Amount of Insurance.*
1905 . .	1,001,269	$2,061,593,886
1909 . .	981,590	2,002,809,227
Decrease	19,679	$58,784,659

“Three full years have intervened since these laws took effect. We find no fault with most of them. But the record shows that Section 96, which limits our new business in each calendar year to an amount equal to about 7½% of our insurance in force, makes any material expansion of our outstanding insurance impossible. Inevitably if the law “remains, outstanding insurance will permanently decrease.

“The law was not intended to have and it does not have this effect on all the companies of this State. It is therefore not only unsound but unfair. To correct this, it is only necessary to get a clear statement of the truth before the people. This we have tried continuously to accomplish. We have made progress. We shall get reasonable relief in time, because in this country nothing is ever settled until it is settled right.

“The facts in the report and the unsurpassed usefulness of the Company will eloquently plead our case before the bar of public opinion.”

A pamphlet showing the income and the disbursements for 1909, the balance sheet at the year's close, and schedules describing in detail each item of the Company's assets, will be mailed to any policy-holder, or any other person, on request.

Yours truly,

D. P. Kingsley, *President.*

New York, January 15, 1910.

TOTAL ADMITTED ASSETS,

*$599,708,286

***Book values $603,267,684**

TOTAL PAID-FOR INSURANCE IN FORCE,

$2,002,809,227

JANUARY 1, 1910

Balance Sheet, January 1, 1910

ASSETS

Real Estate	$11,718,644.04
Loans on Mortgages	69,748,270.53
Loans on Policies	94,643,472.81
Bonds (market value Dec. 31, 1909)	401,214,411.04
Cash	8,720,413.40
Renewal Premiums	7,066,659.68
Interest and Rents due and accrued	6,596,414.47
Total	$599,708,285.97

LIABILITIES

Policy Reserve	$496,931,152.00
Other Policy Liabilities	7,279,671.88
Premiums and Interest prepaid .	2,953,080.10
Commissions, Salaries, etc. . .	1,052,035.50
Dividends Payable in 1910 . . .	8,844,108.89
Reserve for deferred Dividends .	71,778,756.00
Reserves for other purposes . .	10,869,481.60
Total	$599,708,285.97

INCOME, 1909.

1. Premiums:		
2. On New Policies	$5,949,283.41	
3. On Renewed Policies . . .	71,746,110.75	
4. Annuities, etc. . .	929,633.54	$78,625,027.70
5. Real Estate Rentals		1,047,577.53
6. Interest on Mortgages		2,850,114.55
7. Interest on Policy Loans . . .		4,752,689.63
8. Interest on Collateral Loans . .		30,000.00
9. Interest on Bonds		15,985,458.09
10. Interest on Bank Deposits . .		296,079.90
11. Other Interest		2,955.07
12. Increase by Adjustment in Book Value of Ledger Assets . . .		6,875,128.60
13. Other Income		560,311.49
Total		$111,025,342.56

DISBURSEMENTS, 1909.

1. Payments to Policy-holders:		
2. Death Losses .	$23,017,708.20	
3. To Living Policy-holders . .	28,972,513.18	$51,990,221.38
4. Instalments, Dividends, and Interest paid under supplementary contracts		215,396.09
5. Commissions on New Business		2,712,281.08
6. Renewal Commissions and Other Payments to Agents .		1,610,765.64
7. Medical Examination and Agency Supervision		1,201,120.62
8. Branch Office Salaries . . .		1,075,092.20
9. Home Office Salaries		1,483,863.47
10. Taxes, Licenses and Insurance Department Fees		943,357.64
11. Rent and Real Estate Taxes and Expenses		1,016,901.05
12. General Expenses and Profit and Loss		774,511.93
13. Decrease by adjustment in Book Value of Ledger Assets . .		4,342,925.47
14. For Reserves to meet Policy Obligations		43,658,905.99
Total		$111,025,342.56

NEW INSURANCE PAID FOR IN 1909

Exclusive of Revivals and Increase in Old Policies,

*$146,042,400

*** Under the laws of New York anything in excess of $150,000,000 would have made the officers of the Company liable to indictment. To keep within the law the Company closed a number of Branch Offices during 1909 and discharged a group of men who paid for over $7,500,000 in the previous twelve months.**

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THOSE are the cheering words that ring in the ear of the man who is laid up but insured against accident or illness by the Empire State Surety Company.

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